THE COMMONWEAL

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THE WOOD AND THE TREES

IT WOULD have been difficult to regard unsympathetically Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's recent plea for funds to advance the work of Columbia University. No doubt he overdid the thing. In the first place, it is by no means sure that the American community and the "churches" have failed utterly to sponsor liberality of mind and conduct; in the second place, it is still less certain that the university—which, after all, consists of buildings (up-to-date or otherwise, as the case may be) and of professors (some of whom, at least, have proudly gone on record as owning single-track minds)—is the natural climate of tolerance. But one could not help noting the vigorous, courageous, almost passionate denunciation of the unliberal citizen which burned in all of Dr. Butler's words. It is the kind of sermon he preaches more effectively than anyone else; it is the kind of sermon the United States needs to absorb. And he must have been gratified when, a few days afterward, he could adduce as evidence of the university's mission to promote the principle of tolerance, the statement of a distinguished group of Columbia professors to the effect that the collection of war-time debts should be modified. We do not know if this reasoned protest will have much effect upon national opinion. Very likely it will be dismissed by many as "academic" and as—to use the words of a fictional character—"too bloomin' kind." But nothing can rob it of sterling significance as a manifesto against those forms of civic inconsiderateness which do physical and social injury to vast numbers of men.

All that granted, it remains strange that a scholar of Dr. Butler's prominence could overlook what is patently the greatest fact in modern spiritual history—the fact that the Catholic Church has thrown all her resources, all the vitality of her energy, into a world-wide campaign for charity. For centuries prior to the catastrophe which has so deeply unsettled our world, the vigor of Rome was largely engaged upon a bitterly-contested but ultimately successful defense of dogmatic truth. An age of universal diaspora necessitated an almost military watchfulness over what was literally, indeed, the Church militant. Again and again the crest of a new attack, led by philosophy, or science, or theories of social reform, was met and hurled back. Three times after the first tremendous religious revolution, the inner harmony of the Church was in danger of disruption; and three times the threatened catastrophe was averted. And so, in the end, when worldly civilization was suddenly flung into the débâcle for which it had unconsciously been preparing, the Church

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appeared more powerful and attractive than she had long been. That happens to be a phenomenon now widely recognized. It is also, we might say in passing, a phenomenon for which there is no explanation excepting this—that the right preparation had been made during long years of spiritual thrift.

Were the Church only a shrewd and calculating institution, it would have been content simply to capitalize upon this triumph. It would have tried some of the tactics of the typical self-made man. It would have flattered itself by saying (as some of its representatives, of course, did say) that no other institution had come out of the tremendous spiritual and social panic so little impaired by events. But what did the Church really do? Rome surveyed the world, mapping out the storms of strife and analyzing the abysmal misery that seemed to have become prevalent everywhere. It summoned all the mercies of Christendom to the rescue. Then there came the first of the series of magnificent encyclicals in which, for the initial time in modern history, the note of ecclesiastical defense was supplanted by a crusading summons. Urging the abandonment of war, reconstruction on the basis of Christian justice, forgiveness, and the establishment of the kingdom of Christ upon earth, the Popes pleaded with the world to root out dissensions creative of chaos and to restore society in the spirit of charity.

The amount of practical work done on behalf of this program is incalculable. But we may note particularly that much of this work was undertaken for the sake of peoples, in coöperation with powers, over which the Vatican has no immediate spiritual jurisdiction. Of this the present undertaking of Near East relief is a pertinent example. Many other matters might be named; and, indeed, everywhere that Catholic life is lived, the words of à Kempis, "A mighty thing is love," have come to possess a new sweetness and significance. At no time did the route religion is now following become so clear as during the season of the Franciscan centenary when the gentleness of Assisi became the model all were urged to follow. As the beautiful papal letter reminded us, Francis's principal desire was "to help bring back peace."

Of course, it must be noted that the concept of charity thus realized differs radically from some current notions of "tolerance." The Christian philosophers ennobled and enriched the ideal which Aristotle had called the "magnanimous man," so that it meant a person aloof from all meannesses and cupidities, who saw in all his fellows the symbol of a transcendent brotherhood. Modern thinkers, for their part, are often really thinking of something "broad." They mean a man who is almost ready to admit, for the sake of intellectual freedom, that there are no better golf-courses anywhere than those on the moon. But the broad man is always a caricature, and the broader he happens to be the more of a caricature he is. You cannot, without distorting human nature, deprive man of the stability that results from truth. And precisely because the Church is fundamentally a society composed of men, it could not maintain its existence —not to speak of its health—if it viewed with complacency doctrines and activities which are inimical to its principles. Truth has fortified it, made it strong. But for what? The answer is apparent in the unceasing, universal campaign for the salvation of man which the last few years have made the central object of the Church. No other form of human action has either the vitality or the kindliness of this campaign. That men like Dr. Butler can, apparently, have overlooked it is a surprising circumstance.

Perhaps this can be accounted for, to some extent, by the blindness of many to whom it should have come home at once. Here the point is not so much that the voice of the Papacy summoning all to take a share in the task of international pacification, of "peace" in the political sense, has been so widely ignored. After all, the methods through which this task is to be accomplished are obscure and debatable. Even the reasoned opinion of the Columbia authorities on one aspect of United States relations with other countries can be challenged without violating the moral code. There is a deeper matter—the tendency, even in questions of a very intimate character, to widen every existing spiritual gulf to such an extent that no one could possibly cross it, and to detect by a dexterous use of the imagination differences which really do not exist. Two words that seem to have become conversational necessities—"bigot" and "moron"—are bandied about with the most startling disregard for propriety. To be more specific, some persons are so diligent in digging up slanders and slurs that they remind one not a little of the old woman of fable who built a roaring fire by collecting sparks from a blacksmith's anvil. The responsibility for much of existing American intolerance, in so far as that touches spiritual beliefs and problems, rests here. We have sharpened and advertised bickering until we see it as a national and religious characteristic. We have talked about moral square inches until we have almost forgotten that there are moral square miles.

Dr. Butler was eloquent in demanding a restoration of the classical spirit. We should like to add, in this season of spring-time and sowing in Christendom, the remark that nothing is more badly needed than a revival of that wise and kindly and conciliatory view which, ages past, shone illuminatingly upon the communion of the faithful. There charity had been wedded with truth. There the vision we have now been asked to see again—the vision of the kingdom of love—was etched sharply and with a rare nobility of line. For as yet we are lost in the inherited hatreds of centuries. We are still confusing, to a dangerous extent, "offense" and "offensive." We have not come to see the sacred wood because of the trees.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THAT the statement of Columbia University professors of political law and science regarding the propriety of existing debt settlements should be regarded by active politicians with much ire was as natural as that a New York anti-Volstead editorial should provoke the wrath of those who have been "saved" in Kansas. The two groups live in different mental worlds. Regardless of what one may think of international debts generally, it has long since been quite obvious that the existing settlements were made in response to a certain popular feeling which influences electoral returns. In fact, the subject would probably not have come up for another decade had it not been for the policy of "economy" which has been a slogan during the past six years. All of this is the climate in which debt commissions and congressmen move. For their part, the Columbia University professors have been trained to regard political and economic problems scientifically. Many of those who signed the statement have spent quite some time in Europe studying conditions, and several have been official representatives of the United States. They are not hampered—and perhaps they are also not instructed—by electoral returns. Their business is educating the public; and even many prominent politicians have asserted on various platforms the necessity for continuing that educative work beyond the limits of the classroom. Perhaps the academic mind does not reckon sufficiently with the details of practical diplomacy. But quite apparently, the politicians do not pause frequently enough to consider the background of a phenomenon with which they deal in response to a certain amount of "sentiment." Therefore the clash between these two points of view should be applauded as instructive and salutary.

APPARENTLY some senatorial officials believe it merely troublesome. The general tenor of Senator Smoot's rejoinder does him no honor, falling back as it does upon antiquated anti-academic prejudices which used to mean something before the trend toward the colleges was as strong as it is today. Making the point that war debts are essentially a "problem of the taxpayer," and do not, therefore, affect Columbia University, is really a boomerang. The professors who signed the statement are taxpayers in all senses: even their moderate incomes are subject to levy. Senators, however, are considerably more fortunate, and because they are paid for—in part, that is—with the help of the professors themselves, they might well exercise discretion. But even the higher level of the Senator's rejoinder was singular, to say the least. He utterly ignored the fact accepted by almost everybody who has an opinion, that pacification is the supreme political goal of our time. The reasons why this is so are economic as well as social and moral. Did the debt settlements arrived at encourage or assist this process of pacification? All the evidence in the world insists that this was not in the least the case. The Senator also overlooked that fact that public thought in our time does not necessarily regard the decisions of any debt commission as binding and definite. No such commission has any other mandate than the will of the people. If the Columbia authorities had reminded us of nothing else, they would still have rendered a great service.

WHILE the report made to the President by Colonel Carmi A. Thompson on conditions in the Philippines will scarcely be received with enthusiasm by those who insist on immediate independence for the Islands, it must be admitted that the survey submitted is informed by sympathy, and really suggestive in contemplated changes of constructive value. Proposals to extend the Federal Reserve system to the Islands and to establish land banks which shall make it possible for farmers to obtain credit instead of having to pay the present extortionate rates of from 12 to 30 percent on loans, to establish agricultural experiment stations, and to induce the Philippine legislature itself to amend the land laws and curb monopolies in leading tropical products, are progressive and carry encouragement to all who have the true welfare of the Filipinos at heart. Still more heartening, however, is the declaration in favor of withdrawing the administration of affairs in the Islands from the War Department and substituting civilians for military officers as advisers to the governor-general. It does not demand much from the imagination to realize that the success of other suggestions made in regard to assistance for agriculture and closer coöperation with the legislature

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will depend largely, if they be put into effect, upon the acceptance, without hesitation, of this proposed change. Friction will at once be minimized by the employment of civilians; and if concurrent with an administration of affairs by competent civilians as advisers, further autonomy is granted from time to time as Colonel Thompson recommends, there is a possibility that complete independence may arrive sooner than this very fair investigator is at present prepared to prophesy.

THE singularly colorful and glorious history of the Knights of Malta, founded during the crusades as the "Hospitaliers of Saint John of Jerusalem," will no doubt attract the attention of many Americans now that news has come of the establishment of a chapter in the United States. During recent centuries the Church has conferred membership in this order as a mark of distinction upon men who had earned social rank and power, and who were therefore in need of such union and direction as would enhance the service they alone could render to mankind. In fact, being a Knight of Malta is an honor that carries with it a great obligation, and not a mere encomium for work already done or reputation long since earned. Every member of the order is to be a supporter of charitable works, particularly (as the quaint bulla granting membership specifies) "during times of war." Because we are still living in the decline of an epoch of strife, there is excellent reason for rejoicing that the first chapter in the United States will be made up of men able, by reason of their wealth and the prestige of their names, to organize and direct philanthropical activities, notably hospital relief. The chapter's first master is Mr. James J. Phelan, of Boston; and Mr. Edward L. Hearn will be its first lay representative at Rome. A great deal of information concerning the order and its American branch has been entrusted to The Commonweal, and will form the nucleus of an article to be published soon.

IN an open letter to Henry Ford, Representative Bloom asks the Detroit manufacturer to submit any facts in his possession to substantiate the charge recently made in the Dearborn Independent that the Federal Reserve system is internationally controlled by Jewish financiers. The Congress, Mr. Bloom points out, created the system, and is the only body which can officially investigate it. "I by no means disregard your indictment," he says, "but the proof? Is it too much to ask you, as a good citizen, to bring it into court—to lay it before Congress—the people?" The demand seems to be quite reasonable and it is difficult to see how Mr. Ford can ignore it. He is, as Representative Bloom reminds him, a man of far too much importance in the country to make a charge of this kind without creating a deep impression in the minds of many of his fellow-citizens. Suspicion has been lodged, and it should be dissipated or confirmed to certainty by proof. The point raised is not one of creed or race; it is simply whether the finances of the United States are controlled by groups in other countries. That is a big question which should be answered fully and without delay. If a citizen of the standing of Mr. Ford has anything to contribute which will assist in arriving at a conclusive answer, he owes it to the country which has made him what he is to offer it immediately.

THE result of an investigation into the source and extent of the Catholic rural problem by the Catholic Rural Life Conference, submitted in a statement made public last week by the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, is a comprehensive and constructive program which bears eloquent testimony to the scientific nature of the surveys made by the conference during the few years of its existence and to the energy which has erected evidences of actual accomplishment while mapping the groundwork for vast undertakings of the future. The report does not merely call attention to the pivotal importance of the country parish; it does not merely suggest that there should be more parishes organized in the rural districts—it proposes the upbuilding of 10,000 such parishes. It goes even further and declares that the clergy and religious who shall be assigned to such parishes should have "a sympathetic understanding of the profession of farming which forms the economic and social substratum of the rural parish." Diocesan and deanery conferences for the study and discussion of agricultural conditions and problems are suggested. It is realized that adherence to such a program must be commanded for a long term of years, but a foreshadowing of what may be expected if such adherence be given is furnished in the summary of the work of the conference last summer, when vacation schools were conducted in twenty dioceses with a registration of over fifteen thousand, not to speak of the religious correspondence schools which served thousands more. No greater work for the Church in America, no more helpful work for America itself, could be projected than that proposed in the program of the Rural Life Conference.

ARGUMENTS for and against the position that the government is responsible for deaths from the alcohol that it outlaws and loads with poison, have grown too familiar to gain anything by repetition. On the face of it, it is hard to see how a death toll of twenty-three in one city can leave any conscience undisturbed unless fanaticism has hardened and twisted it beyond hope of change. But the figures that appeared in New York on the morrow of Christmas do not give evidence of wrung withers on the part of our official spokesmen for national dryness. Beyond a cheery prophecy that the total is likely to be surpassed in the near future, Major Chester P. Mills, prohibition administrator, offers an excuse the unsoundness of which was exposed in the major press of the country months ago, by pleading that the denaturing of alcohol is no new thing, but

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dates back to 1906. In other words, for a weapon that is now being used to terrify the recalcitrant and punish them with blindness or death, the same incidental and innocent character is claimed as when it came into being as a mere detail of excise. A case must be desperate indeed, the effort to justify it on ethical grounds must have been given up once and for all as a bad job, when so paltry and perfunctory an answer is the best thing a high official can muster in its defense.

EACH year, during the Christmas season, one or the other of the leading newspapers of the country may be expected to publish the views of a number of individuals of more or less prominence under the altogether erroneous and misleading quotation, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Naturally, the value of a symposium such as that gathered this year by the New York Herald Tribune is vitiated at the very outset by the fact that the writers who seek to apply to present world conditions the message of Christmas are enlarging upon a proclamation entirely different from that brought from heaven to earth by the angelic heralds. It is not without significance that in the statements gathered this year by the Herald Tribune, the one sentence which stands out, arresting attention and stimulating thought, is contributed by a Catholic—Albert, king of the Belgians—who has known from earliest childhood that the message conveyed on the birthday of Our Lord was one of glorification of God and promise of peace to those who sought to do His will: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will." King Albert realizes, as did the writer of the Old Covenant, that there are prophets who seduce the people, crying that there is peace when there is no peace, and building walls with untempered mortar, and he wisely remarks: "In the relations between individuals, right prevails only when it has passed into a state of habit." To men of good will, to those who, despite many stumbles, desire to do God's will, and to these only is given the promise of that peace which the Psalmist identified as the perfection of the upright.

TWO prominent baseball players are accused of having "fixed" in advance a game on which certain members of their respective teams are shown to have made wagers. Day after day, leading newspapers give columns of space to discussion of the scandal, boards of trade and chambers of commerce pass resolutions, Congress is stirred, and the Department of Justice is appealed to by the managers who declare they have been wronged. All of which may appear passing strange to people of other countries and visitors to the United States. It is not our intention to contribute to a discussion of the merits of the case as now disclosed, except to remark in passing that whatever may be the guilt of others, "Tris" Speaker appears to have been dealt with somewhat harshly. One may well ask, however, whether all the excitement which has been caused by the publication of Judge Landis's statement is justified, and whether the enormous amount of publicity given to the discharge of Messrs. Speaker and Cobb by the owners of the clubs which they respectively managed, is warranted. We believe most emphatically that they are. Baseball is something more than a game—as played in the two major leagues, it is a reflex of American life. The initiative, inventiveness, and adaptability which are America, are part and parcel of the national pastime played at its best; the coordination of brain and muscle marks the game as mirror of a land of opportunity; the very nervous strain which often is apparent only identifies the sport more distinctly as American. Such a game must be played honestly, else is reflected America besmirched. That clamor should have arisen at mere mention that it is not always so played, is creditable to the whole country.

UNDER the title, The Destiny of Protestantism in the Balance, an Episcopal rector, Dr. Thomas Tracy Walsh, discloses in the January issue of Current History conditions in the non-Catholic religious bodies which, he asserts, have brought them to a point where Protestantism "is in danger of committing suicide." Split by controversies over individual interpretation of Scripture and of doctrine, and faced by the fact of steadily growing indifference on the part of the laity, many denominations appear to the reverend writer in such sad plight that a remedy is urgently needed. He offers one. While it is the remedy which has suggested itself to hundreds of others—the establishment of a new church—and which, under experiment, has not only not cured, but has added to the complications of the diseased spiritual body, there are features in Dr. Walsh's scheme for relief which indicate knowledge of where the true remedy may be found. His new church would combine "all that is best in Catholic order and Protestant liberty—in other words, a combination of Church authority and religious freedom." which, he declares, "are not essentially antagonistic." Of course they are not. But if authority is to be recognized, its source must be unquestioned and beyond question; otherwise, sooner or later, there will be not merely indifference, but open rebellion. But if authority rests on truth, that truth shall make free all who acknowledge it and govern themselves by its precepts. From the earliest days of Christianity, the Catholic Church has been the champion of freedom for all men. The opponents of its claims have been, and are today, those who would restrict human rights.

THE value of exhaustive research as an aid to the practical man is questioned only by the amateurish and the ignorant, particularly where there is question of serious professional activity. Recently we have listened to two eminent eastern attorneys bewailing the mental and moral unfitness of many candidates for the bar. From the point of view of the medical profes-

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sion, the same conclusion was inferred in a spirited address delivered at Cornell University by Dr. Edward L. Keyes, of New York. Since reprinted in Science, this address has been given enthusiastic attention. The doctor (who is evidently a humanist, as well as a student of disease) buttressed his conclusion upon reminiscence that was to some extent a confession. "A generation ago," he reminded his hearers, "Johns Hopkins Medical School was founded and within its walls a serious concerted effort was, for the first time in the United States, made to establish the teaching of medicine upon a serious scientific foundation. I had no share in this. I never studied biology or embryology. I had but a bowing acquaintance with histology and pathology. I never did a blood count or an autopsy. These and allied sciences are younger in the domain of medicine than I, so that I am utterly unqualified to speak of the science of medicine and its method of thought. All of them your profession now hands to you. It permits you, if you have the taste and talent, the choice between a bewildering variety of sciences founded and founding in the domain of medicine." It is small wonder, however, that Dr. Keyes and his fellows demand the same standards for their successors that they were willing to adopt for themselves. And if the scrutiny of the elderly be occasionally severe, who can doubt that such scrutiny is the best safeguard and corrective as yet discovered?

IN an article entitled The Negro in Calvert Land, Margaret B. Downing recently described in The Commonweal the work being done for colored youth in the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, at Ridge, Maryland. It is interesting and encouraging to learn, from reports of the annual meeting of the Federated Colored Catholics, held in Washington, that the value of an undertaking which has long since passed the experimental stage is highly appreciated by those in whose interest it was inaugurated. Moreover, since non-Catholics are not debarred from attendance at the institute, it is particularly pleasing to note that resolutions adopted at the Washington gathering recorded the appreciation of a whole racial group for the educational facilities afforded. It is significant that these resolutions were appended to others expressing gratitude to the Holy Father for his encyclical urging the encouragement of a native clergy; and to the Society of the Divine Word, Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, and others who have shown keen desire to develop a colored clergy in this country. The fact that the delegates to the recent convention were quick to grasp the importance of an institute which combines practical courses in agriculture with a junior high-school education as an essential factor in the realization of their ideals for the race, shows that much may be expected from the Catholic Negroes of America in the solution of the problems of their racial group.

GIRDERS AND GREENERY

THE design to erect a 110-story building, that shall out-Woolworth the Woolworth Building, at one of the most central uptown sites of New York, comes so close upon the heels of a general discussion as to the disadvantages and dangers of city congestion as almost to seem like a challenge rather brazenly proffered by private enterprise to the public weal. The case for and against the mammoth building is occupying many minds in all our big cities. So far as New York is concerned, it has been cogently put in the last few weeks by Mr. Henry H. Curran, counsel to the city government, and has not yet been convincingly answered by the advocates of all the height and weight the soil will bear.

Apart altogether from the congestion it causes, some of the points against the skyscraper are so obvious that one wonders they have waited till now to be discovered. One is the penalty of a perpetual twilight exacted from those who live at its feet, and this at a day when the sanative effects of sunlight are too familiar to be questioned. Another objection, and one this time which rests upon the solid ground of private interest, is the injury effected upon neighboring land values by a building that absorbs the office and warehouse space that might have been distributed over an entire block. The skyscraper, in a word, marks a passing phase in our city development, a point at which greed overtook intelligence, and Mr. Curran's motto, "The higher the fewer," reads like the last word upon it of common sense and civic spirit.

Another penalty which our great cities are paying, and for which the skyscraper, by reason of the traffic congestion it causes, must bear its share of responsibility, is a growing treelessness and aridity. Occasionally, as in connection with the death recently of John Aikman Stewart, at the age of 104, it is recalled that a few generations ago, trees, and big ones, were common at the very centre of New York's business district. A view of Fifth Avenue fifty years ago, published by the New York Times on the occasion of its recent quinquennial, shows Fifth Avenue and adjacent open spaces set thick with them. The threatened Squares of London are a pleasant memory with all American travelers, and Victorien Sardou, in his preface to the late Georges Cain's series on old Paris, speaks of the city of his youth (1830-1840) as "smothered in greenery."

In a brief interview accorded by him on the eve of sailing for a Caribbean cruise, Francis D. Gallatin, New York's Park Commissioner, took rather a gloomy view so far as any future "rus in urbe" is concerned. Paving, radiated heat in summer, the exhaust fumes from myriad automobiles in all seasons, are slowly rendering life impossible for elms, chestnuts and the nobler trees generally within urban limits. Upon "the scientist," that Moses in every wilderness,

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is placed the responsibility for evolving some tree that will resist the assault of too much civilization, and meantime the Chinese ailanthus, or tree of heaven, is recommended to our respectful attention. The ailanthus has many assets which qualify it for the rights of citizenship. It will grow, apparently, out of an ash-barrel; it is as prolific and as tenacious of life as an alley-cat; and, so far as has been noted, thrives on carbon-monoxide fumes. It is true that Henry James once referred to it blightingly as "inexpensive vegetation." But if it proves to be the only tree that cities can now afford, the ailanthus will only have offered us one more shining example of the paradox that puts riches, well within our reach when we were poor, out of it because of our very prosperity.

ROME AND THE NEW ITALY

FASCISMO is once again a theme of general conversation. A fact so remarkable as the post-war renaissance of Italy, a doctrine so revolutionary as some of the tenets of Fascismo seem to be, could not very well go unnoticed. But when the Holy Father, who is not merely the head of the universal Church but also the "prisoner of the Vatican," speaks on the subject of Mussolini, the interest is greatly intensified. Many people are only too ready to visualize an impending conflict between the Papacy and Caesar, a new turmoil in which religion will be the central issue. It seems to us necessary that what has been said should be viewed calmly, as a defense of the rights of the Church, as a warning of that peril which always attends the exercise of political power, and not as a philosophic review of Fascismo as such. The word "condemnation" is particularly out of place. There is nothing in the account of the allocution delivered by the Holy Father to justify the use of such a term. As a matter of fact, we were invited to consider the practical advantages reaped by Italy from Mussolini's régime and the resourceful courage of the man himself. Only after these things had been said did Pius XI declare that the rights and persons of Catholics, sometimes of Catholic dignitaries, had been violated and that "a new concept of the state" as something that set its will above the inalienable privileges of personality seemed to be in process of formation. These matters need to be noted in deference to the Holy Father himself no less than in justice to Fascismo. No storm is so distressing as one conjured up out of dreams.

We here are quite open to conviction on the subject of Mussolini's theory and practice. Our readers will have noticed that a paper published last week in defense of Fascismo is followed this week by the first of two articles by Don Luigi Sturzo, founder of the Italian Popular party and (as will be seen) a resolute opponent of all dictatorship. But we do think that if the system of government inaugurated by Mussolini were judged pragmatically—that is, on the basis of actual results—it would have to receive almost universal commendation. It is not everybody, it is not every form of rule, which can pull a nation out of chaos and give it order and prosperity. Mussolini accomplished what nobody else did accomplish, and what apparently nobody else even dreamed of accomplishing. Nevertheless, a "system" of thought or government must be judged by other than pragmatic standards. And the great danger latent in Fascismo is that its theories, which are essentially critical and negative, should be given status as positive doctrines. It is sometimes necessary for a government to say that such and such currents of idealism, such and such methods, must be put down. It is always dangerous for a government to say that only one idealism, only one method, must be put up. This the Holy Father very properly asserted, while maintaining the prudent course of speaking only for the Church's interests. If we are not mistaken, however, his words were also a grave warning to Mussolini not to let himself be overpowered by certain theorists in his party. Who these men are is pretty well known, and they have instilled great concern into numerous competent observers of continental political life. Perhaps the lover of Italy might properly conclude to desire, not the collapse of Fascismo, but the repudiation under Mussolini's personal guidance of extremism for the sake of conciliation. Is this not what the Vatican, for its part, seems to conclude?

Another basic problem hardly came to the surface during the papal allocution. This is, of course, the old problem of the Church's temporal rights. There is every reason to believe that Mussolini desires the settlement of this fundamental question in the best manner possible. He and his party must now see that if the privileges of the Vatican could be restored, Italian unity would be much more firmly established for the very reason that an institution fundamentally international in character would have been clearly separated from the nationalistic enterprises of government.

It is obvious that the Holy Father, in drawing attention to scattered violations of ecclesiastical rights, was also implying that far greater injustice that has been part of Italian history for so long. It will be interesting to see what steps are taken by Fascismo, which has always been commendably anxious to avoid religious dissension, toward answering effectively the voice of the Vatican. Whatever else may be tried, the issue will never be closed until the "big task" is done. One might also profitably note that it never came half so near being done as now—not even during years when Italy was hardly prominent at all excepting in so far as it happened to be the country which harbored the central shrine of Christendom.

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CAN WE RECTIFY LABOR?

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

THE labor question is always sufficiently grave to enlist the interest of thoughtful men. I, myself, am not an employer of labor, and never—save for a very brief period and in a very limited way—have been; I have never come in contact pleasantly or unpleasantly with a labor-union; nor do I assume to speak for the public or to represent any school of thought.

Yet in one respect, the conclusions I reach, from what I see, and hear, and read concerning the conduct of American labor-unions, are vital to the well-being of these unions; for though I am but one, I am nevertheless one of many millions of Americans whose common views go to make up public opinion. And whoever fights a good fight with public opinion behind him, ultimately succeeds; whoever fights a good fight with public opinion against him, has either a very hard time of it, or ultimately fails. The cause of labor is a good fight.

But the business of our labor-unions seems to me about the worst-run business in the United States. This is mere opinion. It is not one of condemnation of the principles of labor-unions, but it is one of resentment based on innumerable instances that have characterized the conduct of particular labor-unions. And among these instances, the head and front of the offending, against public opinion, is the savage resort to violence to enforce demands.

To specify many such instances would be to waste space. The newspapers supply them continually. Not long ago I read that they—and by "they" I mean labor-unions or their instruments—were shooting the legs off non-union iron-molders in San Francisco. Men with sawed-off shotguns, in rapidly driven motor-cars, skilfully filled with birdshot the legs of the non-union man on his way to work. In this particular form of assault, murder is obviously not intended. It would hardly be supposed that consciences so deadened to the dictates of humanity would discriminate finely between murder and mutilation—yet it seems that they do. I hope that I may not be called on to prove that in this or any similar instance of violence, union labor is responsible for it—such a request could hardly elicit respect for the maker. Gunmen do not set out for murder or near-murder without being paid, and well paid. I know that a strike is on; I know that non-union men are beaten, mutilated, murdered, in a series of attacks during such a strike. I know that this does not happen at other times—my conclusion is reached.

No form of violence that human iniquity can suggest has been overlooked in our union-labor wars. The gun, the knife, the torch, poison, dynamite, all have played and continue to play their part. Sabotage of every description, the ruthless mutilation and destruction of property, is a commonplace in our strikes. Wholly innocent men and women and children are exposed to, and at times suffer, slaughter. If it be a railroad strike, passenger trains are wrecked; if an industrial strike, buildings are condemned to dynamite, though adjoining buildings are ruined and people in them, or in the street, are injured or killed. A perfectly calloused feeling toward the unoffending seems to characterize a union-labor war.

Among the union leaders themselves, the worst specimens, the most vicious and corrupt, are, through the newspapers, placed most in the public eye. This is true of every good cause—its reprobates get all the publicity. It need not be objected that our press is capitalistic. But it has millions of readers that were not born yesterday, and who can still distinguish between fact, and prejudice or propaganda. Corrupt leaders are a blight to any cause, but in none more fatal than in that of labor, since the vices of the labor leader are usually of a gross and public nature. In the days of the malodorous saloon, the headquarters of such men—at least, of those noticed by the press—were in the saloon. Whiskey and women absorbed the blackmail they levied on builders. But long since then, the airing, in courts, of their corrupt practices has periodically fed the public maw. The conclusions formed from these showings have built up a vast amount of prejudice against labor-unions.

There are two classes of strikes that directly affect public sentiment. One comprises those involving transportation and public utilities, such as railroad strikes, and notably, coal strikes. If the public be the sufferer, it is the easiest thing in the world to direct public sentiment against the strikers. And it should never be forgotten that the large employers, usually corporations, understand "to the ground" the necessity of molding public opinion against strikers if the strike is to be beaten. Without public opinion, they will tell you—if they give you their confidence—without public opinion against it, a strike cannot be beaten. The drift of sentiment during the period of a coal strike may be gauged from the press and from the many remedies suggested for ending it. Laws are called for that will compel miners to work; the public, suffering grave inconvenience, is thoughtlessly prepared to legalize peonage.

The second class of strikes involves manufacturers and the building-trades. These are local in character, and affect the sentiment of the people of a city or a group of cities; and they embrace everything from the building of a modest home to the building of sky-

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scrapers and industrial plants. It is in this class of strikes that our labor-unions make their most unfortunate showing. It is here that violence, involving the mutilation and murder of non-union men; the wanton destruction of property by dynamite, and its defacement of every conceivable sort, is brought closest to the local door of the public. It is one thing for a man in Chicago or San Francisco—to name two of the great cities with perhaps the worst labor-union records—to read about striking miners being shot down in a fight with mine guards in southern Illinois or in West Virginia, and their miserable families being driven out of their company-owned homes like rats; and quite another thing to read of buildings being dynamited or non-union men assassinated in the next block.

In this situation, I have no direct personal interest. Each strike, big or little, should be judged strictly on its own merits, and not with reference to any other strike. But it is impossible for the general public to arrive at a just conclusion concerning a strike because all the facts are not before it. The consequence is a sort of verdict based on a subconscious accumulation of opinions made up from stories in the press, and those gathered from friends or neighbors. In any conclusion resulting from opinions so formed, not much real justice is likely to be applied to a particular strike; but public sentiment will thus be formed.

I have a personal interest, as I think every Catholic layman must have, in the position of the Catholic workingman, union or non-union. I have no figures on which to base my statement, but I believe that in our labor-unions, the Catholic workman is numerically a very considerable element, and that the non-Catholic cannot claim any appreciable proportion. I recall a railroad strike of a few years ago, that of a shop-craft, in which the conduct of the strikers was anything but exemplary. Those familiar with the way such strikes run, know that following the strikers' defiance and a loss of skilled workmen, the railroad scours the country for non-union workers. These strike-breakers are usually a sorry lot, and very naturally arouse the angry resentment of the strikers. But the management makes shift with them to run trains. The striking union then introduces into the shop as a stool-pigeon, an adventurous member of the union—he comes, under pretense of good faith, as a non-union man. This stool-pigeon does everything he secretly can to cripple the railroad motive-power on which he is put at work. Before long, his sabotage is discovered. Once sure of the man, the chief special agent of the road puts in one of his own secret-service men—a man chosen for his reputation as a slugger—to work beside the suspect. Eventually, the union man is beaten up and thrown out of the service. This is not paraded to the public as news, since neither side is in a position to explain the incident. But as desperation on the part of the strikers grows, bridges are blown up, and attempts made to wreck passenger trains. All this may be perfectly natural, because it is war, and war stops at nothing. But war of this sort is many moons removed from Catholic teaching.

In such circumstances, after I had conceived a very unfavorable opinion of the conduct of this particular strike, I happened to meet at a quarterly Saint Vincent de Paul conference, a member of the society from a rather distant city. He had been invited to speak, and briefly introducing himself as a railroad man, out on strike, he gave one of the finest addresses I have ever heard. He was a union official of the craft then on strike, and a man who would win the heart of any Catholic through his straightforward, unassuming attitude of Christian charity. Is such a man in the company of men who practise violence, or of those who whisper it or wink at it, in the best union company that can be provided for him?

Are we not seriously in default in not agitating for a group of Christian labor-unions in our country? I think I know something about the feelings of the great American public; I believe they are characterized by good will. I believe that an American labor-union that can be taught to abstain from violence rather than to resort to it, will not long be called on to suffer injustice. I am not assuming that Catholic workmen do not get as angry as other workmen; not assuming that their passions will not carry them as far; what I am assuming is, that a union, managed by practical Catholic leaders on recognized Catholic principles, will be able to restrain, to minimize, and to punish outbreaks of violence within their ranks until these no longer characterize the conduct of our labor-unions.

I have been amazed more than once at the apparent indifference of union leaders to these violent reprisals on the part of their unions. I have known of efforts being made by such leaders to restrain violence; but I have as yet to see any considerable portion of the time given by union labor-leaders to labor discussions and labor resolutions, devoted to the denunciation of violence; and I have never felt assured that such measures, if any have been taken, were even meant to be sincerely effective.

Is, then, the Catholic union-labor man, in the present circumstances, getting what a very able sophist of recent years used to delight in calling a "square deal"? I cannot see that he is. His money still goes, I fear, to supply bootleggers and women to leaders that misrepresent him; and to buy dynamite to serve as his industrial argument. I feel that since bad associations do corrupt good manners, he should be relieved of even the temptations of such associations.

An echo came to me recently of a bitter labor warfare that raged fifteen years ago in my city. In a labor-union war, a plant was dynamited, and twenty-one employees were killed. A fortnight ago, a young woman came to me seeking work. Her father had

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been a railroad section foreman, and had retired. His oldest son had been working in this plant but one day, when it was dynamited. The shock of the son's death soon afterward killed his mother. Grief and worry over the double loss, brought a paralytic stroke upon the aged father. Today, fifteen years later, one of the daughters is a nun. A younger son has a sweetheart whom he wants to marry; he cannot, because his earnings and those of a sister left to face the world, must go in part to the support of the invalid father living in a Catholic institution.

It is an old story—the suffering of the innocent with, or for, the guilty—even supposing that, in this case, there were any guilty. And it is not pleasant to reflect that the blowing up of this particular plant—in which the murder of a fellow Catholic workman was the merest incident—was the work of a labor leader brought up, at least, as a Catholic. He belonged to a union in which atheists, communists, and "direct action" advocates, had perhaps as much to say as he had, and were perhaps more active in saying it. So skilfully are the plans of these labor dynamiters laid and worked out, that had not the man confessed the deed, he might easily have escaped punishment.

I hope that I shall not be berated too severely for venturing so radical a suggestion as that we owe our Catholic workman unions in which he will be rid, at least, of the influence of the vicious doctrines that are at times put forth by social scoundrels.

I am not unacquainted with the merciless greed of employers when organized resistance is lacking to check it. It is not always direct; it is often, in corporation management, indirect—as in the ambition of a subordinate to make a showing in his position. The helpless workman becomes a mere pawn in such a game, to be sacrificed as success demands. I know something of the astuteness of the great employers in molding public opinion for their own end, which is often the grinding of the employee; there is nothing meaner than the conduct inspired by craftiness masking greed. But none of this justifies the retaliation inspired by murderous rage—retaliation in which the rich offender, the big employer, escapes, and the little fellow, guilty or innocent, suffers. Our American public knows next to nothing of the employer's crafty measures to gain his ends; but the rage of the striker cries aloud in public opinion to condemn him, and with him, the workingman's just cause.

THE MISSION OF ITALY

By LUIGI STURZO

(This is the first of two articles by Don Luigi Sturzo which will form part of his book, Italy and Fascismo, soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. Don Sturzo is founder of the Italian Popular party which, before the dictatorship of Mussolini, defended Catholic social principles. The second article will follow shortly.—The Editors.)

THREE immutable circumstances which govern Italy's relations with the rest of the world, accentuate her character as a peaceable nation that finds greatness in mediation between important human currents. She stands for labor by her emigration; for culture, by her tri-millenary civilization; for religion, as the centre of Catholicism and the seat of the Papacy. It is instructive to consider at once the worker who goes through the world to live by his toil, carrying the name of Italy to the furthest regions of the earth, and the high currents of culture, art and religion, which bring the whole civilized world to take so large a share in Italian life. In many tongues the hand, the mind, and the heart speak of Italian life. Not armaments but labor, not overbearing domination but culture, not empire but religion! Many draw near to the thought, the life, the heart of Italy through these three great currents, and to many it seems that they can experience the synthesis of all three in the glory of her natural beauties and ideal greatness.

Emigration was considered an evil for Italy. Poverty drove hundreds of thousands of her children to cross the frontiers, to furrow the ocean, with a hope and a fear in their hearts, with tears of emotion in their eyes. The exodus was grievous and, for many, their Odyssey more grievous still. Today there are American towns with hundreds of thousands of Italians and sons of Italians whose labor has proved fruitful, and whose savings have for many a year helped to maintain Italy's balance of payments. The many millions of Italians living abroad, a strong and laborious people, have adapted themselves to every clime, to every tongue, to every kind of work. Today they represent a remarkable current of activity, especially in the new world.

Three people have characteristically migrated: the Irish, the Poles, the Italians. The Irish, under pressure from England, have been, as it were, missionaries of Catholicism. Their faith was also their national ideal; defense of the one was defense of the other, and everywhere they have stirred the heart with that religious force which, stifled in their own island, found new life in the world of North America and the dominions. The Poles, likewise, under the threefold oppression of Austria, Russia and Germany, carried with them in their migrations two ideals, religious and national, which for them were nearly always identical.

But Italians found themselves unsustained by strong religious faith, for the conflict between United Italy

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and the Church, in the period of the Risorgimento, had placed Catholicism outside the national pale; unsustained by strong national feeling, for it seemed to them that their country, now already a unitary state and free from foreign servitude, had no care for them. Italian emigration had one single motive and one single characteristic—that of labor. It was humble, unappreciated, and sometimes despised; but it spread, with the virtues and the faults of the Italian people, and especially of the people of the South; and it ended by gaining value and respect. And the religious and national feelings of the people, which had not given special color to their emigration, as in the case of the Irish and Poles, could and did reappear and influence Italian circles abroad when Italy took her place in the great war and held it with honor.

Permanent emigration is always the most profitable, and is most in conformity with the conditions required for human progress and prosperity. Through such emigration the Italians have gained in experience and discipline, and in their turn have set a significant example in their capacity for work, their thrifty spirit, and their family affection.

The Italian nationalists object to permanent emigration because it leads to naturalization and fusion with other peoples; and for the same reason, but from opposite motives, it is opposed by the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the new world. The former fear the slackening of the ties with the mother country; the latter, the presence of peoples of alien stock and character. Thus the old exclusivist selfishness would fain oppose the laws of nature.

Italy's emigration is irrepressible, for her population is dense and prolific and cannot be contained within her frontiers. It follows that Italy should pursue a policy of peace, of penetration, and of labor, in her relations with all nations, and at the same time strive to raise as much as possible the moral and educational standards of her citizens so that, wherever they go, they may find work, respect, and esteem.

There is a pendant to the centrifugal movement, represented by emigration, in the centripetal movement represented by the influx of people of culture and of wealth who are drawn to Italy by her history, her civilization, her culture, her beauties. Let it not appear out of place to speak of this; there is immense moral value in the influence radiating from Italy through the many civilizations that she has known. It has given birth to works of art, to monuments and memories, to juridical and moral traditions, and it has made of her the most important historical centre of the world. She is full of memories, and through the perennial, revivifying thought of Christian civilization, these are not dead, but living memories. Continual intercourse with the cultural elements, with the currents of thought and art of the whole world, makes of Italy, more than any other country, a sort of ideal centre. This intercourse helps to render easier that spiritual unification which western civilization has sought for more than a thousand years with one thought and one constant goal—Rome.

The unification of Italy has rendered such international intercourse easier and more continuous, opening up and developing what in the past was inaccessible and primitive; and, more important still, removing motives for war among various foreign states. There was a time when Upper Italy, especially, was, like the Low Countries, an essential strategic point in the wars of Europe.

And gone, happily, are those local figures which gave so regrettable an idea of certain parts of Italy—the invariable brigand of the Abruzzi or Romagna, the invariable ciociari of Rome, the Neapolitan ballad-singers and guappi. As though these were Italy! A hard-working people, a remarkable economic structure, an ever-increasing activity from the day Italy became a kingdom, offer a more interesting picture of throbbing life. Side by side with artistic demonstrations and traditional popular festivals, we have displays of vigor, of strength, of will, to which the international public comes flocking—the biennial art exhibition of Venice, the samples fair of Milan, the motor races of Monza.

For Italy to show that her civilization renews itself, that her vitality increases, that her contribution to the world of thought is not only past but present, and that this contribution should be in accordance with her mission of peace, is the constant aspiration which the Italy of the Risorgimento left as a living inheritance in the hearts of the Italian people.

So vast and enduring a moral and pacific function cannot be dissociated from the thought that Italy has been and is the centre of Catholicism and holds the longest and most constant Christian tradition. Millions and millions of Catholics look to Italy and Rome as the centre of their faith, as a spiritual fatherland; the intercourse of religious men and currents from the whole world is centered in or drawn toward Rome. Even the dissenting and independent Christian currents cannot ignore Rome as the centre of culture, of power, of proselytism, and as an exceptional historical phenomenon. Rome draws at one and the same time the hosts of the faithful and the élite of the learned; hers is a task of perennial mediation, amid conflicts, collisions and strife. No government in the world can ignore or overlook this unique organization which, for nearly two thousand years, has been established in Rome outside and above every political or economic structure, withstanding all human hurricanes, from the persecution of the Caesars to the Barbarian invasions; from the Byzantine or feudal anarchy to the struggles with the German emperors; from the Reformation to the wavering support of absolute kings; from the negations of the French Revolution to the onsets of Liberalism and Socialism, and to the insidious favors of nationalism and Fascism.

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The mistake of a liberal current in the Risorgimento was the belief that it could put the "Third Italy" above the Church, and deny the moral and international position of the Papacy. But not only has the Papacy not been reduced to dependence on the Italian state, but it has emerged from the phase of open hostility with its prestige intact in the religious and in the international and political world. The names of the Popes since the taking of Rome—Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, and Pius XI—are names of great Pontiffs and great Italians, universally appreciated even outside the religious field.

The fact that Rome, the seat of the Papacy and spiritual centre of Catholicism, is also the capital of the kingdom of Italy, has given rise to a diversity of moral preoccupations, political and religious studies, and diplomatic attitudes, and will continue to do so for some time. It is interesting to note that the Papacy has enjoyed an independence and authority recognized by the whole world, without in any way injuring or impinging upon the political independence of the kingdom of Italy. The public consciousness of the Italians, even of those who are not, practically speaking, Catholics, has tended more and more toward the recognition of the importance of the international mission of the Papacy, and the Papacy now finds it possible to extend its spiritual activity untouched by any external pressure, either in form of favors or of threats from the public authorities or popular factions.

All this obliges Italy to follow a delicate and exceptionally skilful policy, and gives her a mission of indirect mediation among the peoples of the world; her influence is thus of exceptional importance in the peaceful maintenance of the balance of power. The circumstance that this fact has been realized with varying intensity at different times does not detract from its truth or its significance.

When we assert that United Italy, as a national kingdom, in the narrow and even in the selfish sense of the word, has become a more freely international centre than before her unification, we are not only stating a reality, but are revealing a moral and political tendency: Italy is and must be a pacific nation.

By a pacific nation we do not mean a weak nation. These are not synonymous terms. It is no more true that a peaceable nation must be weak than that a militarist nation must necessarily be strong. We maintain that by nature, history, and political development, modern Italy has become a nation of which the chief function must be one of pacification, of counterpoise, of mediation—and that this consideration should determine her policy. The strong state is primarily one which is adequate to its ends, and of which the forces act in harmony; such a state can overcome crises at home and is exposed as little as possible to conflict abroad. Thus, the conception of an Italy clad in the mail of absolute governments, flanked by armies, spurred on to hazardous enterprises, aflame with the warrior's sacred fire, is repugnant to us; we find ourselves wholly at a loss to understand what can be the aim, as far as the definite policy of the state is concerned, of the imperialistic and bellicose outpourings of the Fascist press. We do not think that the king of Italy can wish to emulate the ex-kaiser, or that the Italy of Mussolini can dream of any form of imperial hegemony.

A strong state, then, but not militarist, nor despotic, nor plutocratic. The sources of strength in a state are primarily the excellence and stability of its institutions, its respect for tradition, government by genuine popular consent, increasing participation of the whole people in political power, proportionate development of the economic system and labor, a high standard of general culture, a religion practised and profoundly felt. Such is the ideal of the strong state that Italy should follow, since she is and cannot be other than a great pacific nation.

To a Desired Friend

I have a right to you—
In your face I read you witty, loving, loyal,
Made for discontents divine, satisfactions royal,
We will dare more greatly, faring on a common way—
I know that we can be young and old together,
Playing life's great game with zest, caring little whether
Gain or loss come of it, so the game be worth the play—
I would not be friends with all—friendship is too fine
To be thus worn threadbare out—but you are mine!

I know we love the same things—
Little wandering stars—all the timeless rapture
Of a windy night when our thoughts are safe from capture,
All the pale witcheries of old, enchanted woods—
We can walk the open road when rainy twilights linger,
Or when sunset touches us with a golden finger,
Or be intimate with moonlight in gypsy solitudes—
Shining autumns will be ours, white, immortal Mays,
Nights that will be purple pearls, binding in our days.

We will give each other
The right good gift of a laughter free from malice,
Glowing words that fall blood-red as drops from a chalice,
Daring to be silent, too, because we trust—
We will be merry when the firelight purrs and flashes,
We will sorrow together over the white ashes,
When our high dreams have gone into the dust—
Nice old rooms will nicer be for our jolly talks,
Gardens will the dearer be for our remembered walks.

We have a right to each other—
A right to the savor and tang of losing and of keeping,
A right to a fellowship in sowing and in reaping—
Oh, there will not be time for all we have to tell—
We have lost too much in the years that are behind us,
Let us take and hold now what is given to bind us,
Here's my hand—take it as frankly—all will be well—
Till the last lure beckons, till the road makes end
You and I will keep our step, friend with friend.

L. M. Montgomery.

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THE PARALYSIS OF LUXURY

By LEWIS MUMFORD

THE tenth annual Exhibition of Industrial Arts, at the Metropolitan Museum, leaves one as completely disappointed as the first exhibitions did. Much should have happened in ten years, and the five or six interesting objects one might pick out of the present exhibition do not make up for the refined dullness of the greater part of the furniture, the porcelains, electric-lighting fixtures, and the carpets.

If this is the best our manufacturers can produce after ten years of study and education, it will take us another century before we catch up with the Europe of today—and by that time the designs that were exhibited at Paris in 1925 will, naturally, be counted among the relics of antiquity. Nothing is sure of a place in American industrial art unless it has been aged; we associate beauty with senility. An innocent visitor might pass from the gallery that houses the present exhibition to the historical galleries of the museum without realizing that he had jumped from the twentieth century to the seventeenth.

How shall we explain this shriveled conservatism in the American manufacturers of decorative art? The designs of automobiles improve from year to year; our locomotives become more magnificent and masterly; the things built primarily for use begin to delight the eye; whereas those which are designed under the canons of art are tedious and uninteresting. There is one notable exception in the present exhibition: that is, within the department of textiles. But a few years ago, fashion was introducing silly Egyptian motifs in fabrics; today, the textile manufacturer has taken a leaf from the books of his French rivals, with the result that the cretonnes of the F. A. Foster Company, the printed costume-silks of the Stehli Silk Corporation, and the velvets of Sidney Blumenthal and Company, stand out against the walls with a vividness—and in the case of the designs of Ralph Barton and John Held, with a comic touch—which is a great relief from the sobriety which usually accompanies our efforts at fine art. In these textiles, one encounters the first acknowledgment of colors and patterns, conceived in relation to the needs of our own day, and our own scheme of culture. I should add that, standing with exemplary boldness in the middle of the room, there is also a table by D. S. O'Meara, which is modern in design. In intention, this table stands alone among the other pieces of furniture, in that it breaks away, in color and finish if not altogether in structure, from the designs of yesterday, and is on speaking terms with contemporary art in Europe.

The excuse for the conservatism of the American manufacturer has been voiced by Mr. Richard F. Bach, in the official preface to the catalogue. It is that, "in the field of manufacture, of commerce and trade . . . convention will always rule. Large bodies move slowly; large investments and accepted equipment are not lightly turned to untried ways, however plausible or alluring." This apology will not bear examination, for it does not explain why, in the field of motor-cars, there has, in spite of a much greater volume of investments, been swift and certain progress in aesthetic design, to such an extent that even Mr. Henry Ford has been forced to recognize it; or that, in Europe, with a public quite as conventional, and vested interests quite as heavy, modern designs have been introduced in every department, with a freedom that makes our American innovations seem cursed with the palsy of age. Where lies the root of the evil?

One of the roots, I think, is in the misuse of the museum. The museum has been treated by the industrial manufacturer as a repository of models, rather than as a source of culture. The artists who have transformed the art of modern painting have not made this fatal error; in general, they have not despised the museum, but, on the contrary, from Cézanne onward, they have gone back to its great works and studied them carefully, in order to work out a firm basis for their own innovations. This is why the best modern painting continues the great tradition, and at the same time, profoundly modifies it, so that, whatever weaknesses we may recognize in it, we find also our capacities as thinking, feeling beings reflected in the new forms. The industrial artist has not used the museum in this fashion: he has seized its precedents and its models as a cover for his own lack of the inventive imagination. In his search for successful solutions in the past, he has never posed to himself any genuine problems in the present.

In doing this, the industrial artist has had sanction and support from the public; for the great body of our middle and upper classes are cultured only in the superficial sense of being able to recognize and "date" the arts of the past; they have been taught, through our museums, schools, and colleges, that this is the essence of a cultivated judgment; and they shrink from pitting their infirm tastes and their inadequate culture against problems that have not been solved for them. Unlike their parents, a generation or two ago, instead of priding themselves on originality and uniqueness, however barbarous, they take refuge in correctness and historical verisimilitude—no matter how meretricious or inadequate ancient forms may be in our present environment.

A living art will often make many false starts and grand mistakes. In order to avoid mistakes, our cultured public has cheerfully forfeited the life itself;

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our rich people had rather live among the dead than be ridiculous, forgetful of the fact that they are never so ridiculous as when they choose, in this mummified and materialistic way, to live among the dead.

Before the industrial-arts manufacturer became schooled in historic art, he was not afraid to make his own precedents. When he did this without any basis in culture, the results were often grotesque and awful; but, on the other hand, the successful products were numerous enough to give promise of a creative art, if carried through. I have inspected a walnut gate-legged table, built around 1870, which is quite as admirable as any "colonial" design, and much more adroit in the technical solution of the problem of designing legs which will support the extended wings without clumsiness and interference; I have likewise seen a chair, built around 1890, which is purely modern in design, and so beautifully balanced and contrived that the four slender legs are thoroughly stable, without any connecting rungs. Even the Craftsman period, inaugurated by Mr. Gustav Stickley, which made the fatal mistake of confusing solidity of workmanship with mere bulk of materials, was not without its contribution to sound and original design.

By now, all these dynamic precedents have been forgotten. We have plenty of elaborate cabinet-work and able craftsmanship, but scarcely any fresh design —or, what is more important, any recognition of the necessity for fresh design. Except for a glass perfume bottle, a simple set of silverware by Koonz, and the textiles I have referred to, I could not find a single exhibit that had the positive quality of design which contributes whatever vigor there is to the architecture of the modern American school, hospital, factory, or similar buildings.

Timid refinement, gentlemanly suavity, banal polish —these are the dominant characteristics of American industrial art, as reflected in this exhibition; and they are the characteristics of the great mass of furnishings and fixtures that enter into the modern American household, with the exception that, in the lower grades, craftsmanship is sacrificed to cheapness, and refinement to a showy vulgarity.

I have one further criticism of this exhibition of American industrial art, which perhaps will throw a little light, incidentally, on its low vitality; and that is, it is preëminently an exhibition of the luxury arts. There is scarcely a single object in the whole exhibition which any except the wealthy, or the very "comfortable," can afford to own. This is a curious commentary upon the functions of a public museum in a democratic commonwealth; it is also an interesting commentary upon the direction of those industrial arts that aim at decorative expression. Now, as a matter of fact, there have been signs of distinct improvement in the design of certain vulgar objects: the blue-tiled interiors of our sandwich palaces in New York have a flair; a modern porcelain finished kitchen range, a modern tiled bathroom, without any of the luxury fittings which often disfigure more ornate and costly bathrooms—these are high aesthetic products of industrial art. Or take the bent-wood chair. The common bent-wood chair, with a caned seat, is as Le Corbusier properly insists, an excellent product of modern industrial design. It had, in its primitive condition, only one defect—it was a trifle wobbly and horribly uncomfortable. The new chairs which are used in the Childs restaurants have the technical slickness of the earliest type; but the design has been so modified as to make them decently comfortable: they no longer juxtapose their ribs to those of one's own skeleton, and they admirably serve the purpose for which they were designed.

In these sundry departments there have been genuine advances. But the Industrial Arts Exhibition neither gives recognition nor encouragement to these things; they are, I am afraid, from the standpoint of the luxury trades, beneath recognition. Yet it is precisely in the things that are every-day necessities—the printed silks and cottons for women's dresses, the kitchen ranges, the bath fixtures, the restaurant chairs—that there are signs of vitality. If we had an active industrial arts movement in this country, doing work comparable to that done by the Deutsche Werkbund in Germany and Austria, these activities would be pushed and encouraged in every department. The luxury arts are everywhere in a feeble state; and I, for one, cannot regret it. That part of the modern movement which concerns itself with these things is hectic, uncertain, and little better in its "modernism" than our own manufacturers are in their pious archaicism. The common arts, on the other hand, which issue out of our modern ways of living, and out of our machine-technique, have plenty of vitality; but the work is often crude and unfinished, and it has still to work out its own imaginative patterns, based on the logic of mechanical forms.

An industrial arts exhibition that sought in the highways and byways, and brought to light each vigorous new model; that recognized the crudities of the industrial manufacturer as a starting-point toward a genuine art, instead of reverting to the finish of the early designers as the basis for a dull, respectable, and entirely retrospective art—such an exhibition would begin to make a little headway, perhaps, against the timidity which masks itself as "conservatism," or the superficial taste which parades as "art appreciation." I have seen most of the ten exhibitions of modern American industrial art at the Metropolitan—and so far, have not seen any modern industrial art. Ten years is a long time to wait. Developing along the present lines, there is no reason to think that the products of the next ten years will be any more satisfactory. It is well to be patient; for good things often come slowly; but I think it might at last dawn on someone that it is time to change the lines.

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IRELAND'S CREATIVE IDEA

By PADRAIC COLUM

TO APPRECIATE the effort that the Irish government is now making—the effort to develop power that will help to industrialize the country—one has to have a picture of certain of the Irish towns. Galway, which is at one end of my journey, and Limerick, which is at another end, will serve very well as examples.

Galway at present looks, not like a city, but like the outskirts of a city: one expects to come to the city of which these streets are the draggled ends. There are only these outskirts, however; no planned or developed city is here. No street gives a vista, and streets and houses are heterogeneous. Here and there one comes upon a few old, finely-built houses of native stone, but they are tenements now, with families squatting in them. The finest of these houses is the one that belonged to that Brutus-like mayor of Galway who, with his own hands, hanged his own son.

Let me recall to my readers the story in which this remarkable mayor of Galway figures. In the year in which America was discovered, he made a voyage to Spain, "in order," as Mr. Stephen Gwynn tells us, "to develop the best possible relations with the country where Galway had most to gain." Mr. Gwynn proceeds: "When returning home he proposed that, after the Irish fashion, his host's son should accompany him and be his guest for a while. In Galway, the young Spaniard excited the jealousy of Lynch's son, who feared him as a rival in love; and the young Lynch stabbed his father's guest. Lynch FitzStephen, at the head of the town guard, seized the murderer, and as mayor passed sentence of death. A riot was raised in the town to deliver the prisoner; Lynch FitzStephen forced his way through, and since no other would or dare do it, hanged his son himself—then went back to his own house, and was never seen again outside its door."

Here is the house. One sees in it the perpetuation of the stern temper of FitzStephen Lynch—it is built of cut stone, and surely by some master-builder; it is four stories high, with coats of arms and other devices clearly carved upon the stone; spouts of stone end in dragon heads and human faces—a fine house, built to last long. It is a pity that a bank has its offices in the lower story—this modern business breaks the austerity of FitzStephen Lynch's house.

In the Galway of today, everybody lounges; no one carries himself or herself as if there were any business to be done. At the railway station there are groups of people typical of the Galway countryside—Irish-speaking people. They are here to give farewell to emigrants who are starting on their way to America. Young men and boys are seated on benches, or on the railway barrows. Girls, weeping, are beside the railway carriages. They have the clear, grey eyes of the West, and the black shawls draped across their heads give them the look of nuns. But one girl, who has let her shawl slip down, shows bare arms and a low-necked dress that does not belong to Galway fashions—a dress, evidently, that has come to her from America. A man with the scarlet coat of a huntsman is standing with this sombre crowd.

A little way out of Galway is the fishing village that is called the Claddagh. If Galway is heterogeneous, the Claddagh is still more heterogeneous: whether you go through it latitudinally or longitudinally, you come upon no regularity. It is a huddle, a clutter of houses, whose brown thatch is becoming black; and whether you go by it, or go through it, fronts, backs, and gable-ends of houses face you. A section of the village has a common—green grass on which geese graze. The cackle of geese on the common is answered by the cry of the gannets over the water-front. As you go through the village you see in that queer maze, hens, cocks, and chickens standing upon stones which have for a background the whitewashed wall of a cottage, and disposing of themselves in an entertaining, freely-developing frieze; you see cats eating fish-heads which have been flung out before a house; you see dogs of various breeds nosing around; you see, where a door is open, a little shrine with a light burning before it.

As you leave Galway, going toward Limerick, you pass through a plain, the fields in which are divided from each other by stone walls. It is grazing land; but more sheep than cattle graze here. Near the Shannon, bog comes in on the green fields; the plain is still treeless; there are fields that are heaped with stones.

The town of Limerick has much more life than the town of Galway, although Mahaffy, the satirist of Trinity College, once said of Limerick that it was the one city in western Europe where, in the middle of the principal street, at the busiest hour of the day, one might observe a bittern standing upon one leg. I did not see the famous bittern. The width of that principal street, with its spacious and barrack-like houses, gives Limerick a character of its own. This street is like no other street in Ireland, or in Great Britain. Intellectually, Limerick doesn't exist; I don't know a single book that has anything to say of Limerick since Gerald Griffin's Collegians. The town hasn't a theatre or a picture-gallery; and on the civil side it is just a big village. And yet it has character through the great river that goes through it; through its wide but rather vacant principal street; and through its very distinctive folk. The children have great

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character. They crowd a little park that is here—red-haired, black-haired, yellow-haired children, all full of life. Their good, clear faces show that there is a sturdy life around Limerick.

The Shannon is copious here—one of the great rivers of the world. I watch a boat sailing up the river. It is a worn boat, with two sails; with much creaking of tackle the sails are raised—sails as black as crape. As it goes toward the sunset, and the wind fills the sails, they look like sheets of iron; the boat seems heathen as its blackness comes between me and the verdure of the other bank of the river. But the four old men who are on that black-sailed boat are Christian men; for, as the Angelus bell rings out, they cross themselves, stand still, and pray. And then I find out that there is nothing heathen in this black boat at all—it is only a peat-carrier coming up from Clare.

Four miles outside of Limerick is the scene of the greatest industrial enterprise which has been undertaken by Irishmen outside of Belfast. When the work there has been completed, the Shannon flow will have been converted into electrical power, and Ireland will have done something to redress the balance that has stood against her industrially, owing to her scanty coal supplies. Ireland, looking ahead, sees towns like Limerick, Galway, Waterford, Kilkenny—all becoming alive and busy.

At present, what is being actually done above Limerick, is the making of a canal of about nine miles in length. The Shannon, as it nears Limerick, has a drop in its level of about a hundred feet. But this drop is in a series of falls, none of which are steep. The canal which is now being made will lead about 50 percent of the Shannon's water to a point at its lowest level. The water there will take a drop of about a hundred feet into the turbines. When this happens, which will be in about four years from this time, Ireland will have her hydro-electric power.

And then she will be able to make a bid for political unity, for the government will be able to offer the Northeast a share in this power. Meanwhile, in the south of Ireland, here is this unusual spectacle of industrial structures, steam shovels, power-houses, repair shops. One looks at them from a roadway on which the familiar ass and cart carry eggs and chickens to the Limerick market. As I go through the works, I am impressed with the implications which are present.

First there is the element of labor. For the first time, in this job for the men, the possibility exists of getting a discipline—an esprit. The unskilled laborer, for the first time in Irish history, is being decently fed. He gets a three-course dinner, and he is able to work well during his nine-hour day. The pay is not remarkably good, but it is an advance on the wages of the agricultural laborer. The men are well looked after, and their rations are given them cheap. After having paid for their food and tobacco, they generally have about thirty-five shillings per week to send back to their dependents. In the weeks in which they can work longer, when the days are long and there are no rains, they may be able to send two or more pounds back. The spirit of the workers, I am told, is excellent. "They are the decentest sort of chaps," a young engineer says to me. He tells me that many of them are always ready to help out the foremen and engineers, even when there is no money for them in what they do. They live in camp; they have huts, dormitories, and dining-rooms; they have a field for games and a hall in which moving-pictures are shown on Sunday nights.

This organization of labor, in itself, should be of the greatest value to Ireland; it sets a standard of work for the men, it sets a standard of care for the men on the employer's part. The Shannon work is creating a labor force which can be used on other jobs and in other parts of the country—a force that can really stick out a long, hard day, and in no country in Europe is such a force more needed than in Ireland. Then there are the skilled workers. The group in the repair shop is learning about machinery, and will be ready to turn to other jobs when this particular one is finished; and the cheap power at hand attracts to this part of Ireland men with industrial ideas.

In promoting the Shannon scheme, the Irish government has shown that it has creative ideas; the moribund towns can only be revived, the empty spaces in the countryside can only be filled up, when industrial power is made available. And nothing that they could have embarked upon in the way of industrializing the country, could have made such a great appeal to the imagination than this harnessing of the river that is so famous in Irish legend and history. The greatest engineering firm in Europe has taken over the work—the German firm of Siemens. They have put an engineering staff of about sixty on the works, and already twenty of the engineers are young Irishmen. The creation of a corps of engineers, needed badly in Ireland, will be another benefit that the Shannon enterprise will give to the country.

The Country Doctor

Beneath his linen duster, sagged and bent,
Day out, day in for fifty years or more,
Up the red clay hills, and down, he went,
His black, square case upon the buggy floor.
I've heard his horses pounding down the lanes
Lashed to desperate lather and to foam;
I've seen him give the weary team the reins
And worn out, sleep, the while they ambled home.
His eyes were set in crinklings of mirth,
Cheer was prescribed with pills of calomel,
He was the arbiter of death and birth,
The go-between of heaven and of hell.
Tender as woman, dependable as a rock,
Small wonder all the hill-folk loved "Old Doc"!

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

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IMPERIALISM TODAY

By C. G. FENWICK

IT IS distinctly encouraging to those who look forward to a day when the nations will abandon their high-handed conduct of the past and abide by a common rule of law to observe the new approach to the study of international politics. For a generation or more, historians of our national life have been pointing out to us with renewed emphasis the economic and social forces that have influenced the political activities of parties and governments. We know what material conditions and social ideals led to the Granger movement of the 'seventies, to the Free Silver movement of the early 'nineties, to the Progressive movement of 1912. But in the field of international relations we have been left for the most part to find our own explanation for the policies of governments, if indeed we have thought it necessary to inquire at all.

Apart from a few special monographs and more restricted studies, the story of diplomacy, particularly as set forth in the standard texts, has rarely inquired into the financial and industrial interests that have led governments to pursue their policies or raised any question as to which elements of public opinion were represented in the decision taken.

Happily there has been since the close of the world war a more critical attitude on the part of historians of world politics. In the search for the causes of the great catastrophe, it has become a commonplace to point out that economic rivalries played as large a part as the unstable political equilibrium. The study of these rivalries has led us further and further into the industrial, commercial, and financial background of international conflicts of interests, and we are beginning to see what the real motives and purposes of foreign offices are when they speak the veiled and imposing language of diplomacy.

Professor Moon's new volume* now comes to interpret for us in a comprehensive way the causes, the motives, and the effects of contemporary imperialism. We are introduced to the economic factors, the quest for the raw materials of industry, the efforts to secure markets for the excess products of factories, the competition for concessions for the development of backward countries. We are taken into the inner sanctum of foreign offices and are permitted to see the varied influences that are brought to bear in determining the policy of the great powers in respect to lands beyond the seas. And then, to complete the picture, we are shown how these influences are sublimated, by carefully chosen phrasing, into a national ideal, such as "the white man's burden," so that elements of public opinion, normally averse to what is being done, are led to support their government in its imperialistic designs. West, East, and North Africa pass before us in succession; then the Near East and the Middle East; then India and the Far East; then the policy of the United States toward Latin America; then a study of the new order, the League of Nations and its mandates; and a closing chapter in which the author sums up the past achievements of imperialism and states its present problem.

Altogether, the survey is a brilliant performance. The story is from first to last a graphic one and the events recounted must prove a revelation to those who have given little thought as to how our modern political world has been made. And in the telling of this realistic story there is no sacrifice of historical fact nor is there any indulgence in the sweeping generalities which characterize the average journalistic indictment. Professor Moon pursues his subject with the accuracy of a trained scholar; he quotes his sources and he gives us the specific and detailed information necessary to the forming of a just conclusion. The author describes as the primary purpose of his volume a synthesis of the great variety of world events which to the casual reader may appear to have little or no connection with one another—European alliances and loans to China; foreign missions and the quest for raw materials; British policy in Egypt and French policy in Morocco; the rivalry of British and American interests in Central America and the revolutions that have beset those countries. The task was a difficult one and the author has succeeded admirably in it. There is a unity in the picture which draws together the separate parts and not only gives to those parts a new meaning, but makes clear the problem of imperialism as a whole and the need, as the author describes it, of a "more enlightened public opinion and more effective international coöperation" as the only solution of the problem.

Will the American reader stumble at the threshold of the chapter on the policy of the United States toward Latin America? After he has been swept along by the story of British imperialism in Egypt and the Sudan, or French imperialism in Morocco, or German imperialism in Turkey, or Russian imperialism in Persia, or by the imperialism of all the great powers in China, will he be reluctant to believe that "dollar diplomacy" has been active in Central America and that the quest of his countrymen for concessions calls for a chapter on Oil and Turmoil in Mexico? It may be so; but it would have been an incomplete story had the author not added this chapter to the imperialism of the European powers, to whom American public opinion of the present day readily attributes schemes of world domination all unconscious that our own country has not been free from the same tendency to the extent to which opportunities were at hand.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that any single volume, however widely read and studied, should, as it were, "change the course of empire." The educa-

**Imperialism and World Politics, by Parker Thomas Moon. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.*

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tion of public opinion is a slow process. Yet without a doubt, Professor Moon has performed a distinct public service and deserves the best thanks of all those who believe that the peaceful settlement of international disputes is not an impossible ideal once we have come to look upon national policy, not as expressing the thought of a united people, but as the interest of the particular group having the ear of the government.

DEMONSTRATING GREGORIAN

By GRENVILLE VERNON

AN EXTRAORDINARY proof of what correct principles of musical education may accomplish was revealed on the afternoon of December 16 in the Pius X Hall of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in New York, when the Pius X Choir, composed entirely of young girls most of whom are under high-school age, gave, with the coöperation of Dr. Melchiorre Mauro-Cottone, a recital of ancient chants, polyphonic, and organ music. The choir was conducted by Mrs. Justine Ward, whose method of instruction is used in the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, and the recital itself was under the patronage of Cardinal Hayes.

In a season which has so far been singularly barren of events of real musical significance, the afternoon was one to be remembered with gratitude, not only for what was accomplished by the singers themselves, but also for what they showed can be accomplished by any similar choir trained under proper auspices. The recital proved conclusively that the Motu Proprio of Pius X is no mere counsel of perfection, but a statement of an end which is as practical as it is necessary. It goes without saying that the singing of Gregorian chant is impossible with the average parish choir as it is constituted at the present time. The singing of correct liturgical music can be accomplished only by choirs of which the members have been trained especially for it in childhood.

The Pius X Choir is made up chiefly of the girls of an ordinary parish school, girls in no way naturally superior to those of a thousand similar schools, and yet who through proper training are able to make the singing of even professional choirs appear halting and inadequate. It is not too much to assert that with the exception of one unfortunate moment, which after all was but a moment, no more exquisite singing, both in gradation of tone and in justness of intonation, has been heard in New York either this season or for many seasons past. The ability of these young girls to remain true to the pitch without the aid of any accompaniment was positively uncanny, while their ability to carry through triumphantly polyphonic singing, as they did in Orlando di Lasso's Beatus Homo, deserves the very highest praise. Of the Gregorian numbers, the exquisite beauty of the Ave Maris Stella was in particular magnificently revealed.

The fact that male voices would have undoubtedly added depth to the body of tone did not take away from the extraordinary accomplishment of these children. When the boys now under training by Mrs. Ward reach the pitch of excellence possessed already by the girls who at present form the Pius X Choir, another step will be made toward the realization of that ideal which is shared by all who wish to see Catholic liturgical music take its place once more as an example of what is highest in musical art. This recital proved that this ideal is no mere beautiful evanescent dream.

Sundry Times and Divers Manners

They made them garments to shroud Me,
  Robes of their own devising;
They made them face-masks to hide Me,
  Things of their own disguising—
But they set Me up on their altars,
And their faith nor flinches, nor falters.

Garments of wind-swept vapour,
  Faces too faint for discerning;
Faces of terrible anger,
  Garments blood-red from the burning—
But they set Me up on their altars,
And their faith nor flinches, nor falters.

Garments of purest whiteness,
  Garments of gold and azure,
Faces of holiest radiance,
  Faces vine-wreathed for pleasure—
But they set Me up on their altars,
And their faith nor flinches, nor falters.

Garments of desolate darkness,
  Masks of unsoundable sorrow;
Robes of the rose of the dawning,
  Faces whose hope is tomorrow—
But they set Me up on their altars,
And their faith nor flinches, nor falters.

They are tortured for Me, and they torture;
  They battle for Me, and they languish;
They pray and they weep and adore Me;
  They perish for Me in their anguish,
Set high on their myriad altars
By a faith that nor flinches, nor falters.

For behind all these veils there is hidden
  Something of Me, yet above them;
Beneath all these garments is beating
  The Heart which was broken to love them—
I, the Unknown God on their altars,
Keep faith that nor changes, nor falters.

And because through My lowest disguises
  With yearning for Me they were smitten,
Their names who so strangely have named Me
  In the Book of the Living are written—
For He Whom they set on their altars
Is Love Who nor changes, nor falters.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

The title page and index for volume IV of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume IV in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Silver Cord

THE great play on the wrong kind of motherhood still remains to be written. Not that Sidney Howard has failed to do well by this serious theme in The Silver Cord. He has, in fact, written two extremely fine acts. But he has failed to probe deeply enough into the spiritual significance of his theme to give the play as a whole any sense of true greatness or universality. It is a play largely of surface qualities handled throughout much of its length in a vein of bitter comedy, and diverging at times into the by-paths of a rather obvious science. It acts well and achieves at many points a fine pitch of dramatic intensity. But it appears to lack deeper understanding, the richness of mature sympathy, and dramatic as distinct from theatrical power.

The story concerns five people: a mother, Mrs. Phelps; her two sons, David and Robert; David's new wife; and Robert's fiancée. Mrs. Phelps is the cloying, possessive type of mother whose secret ambition is to keep her sons forever dependent on her; the kind of mother who instantly resents the appearance of another woman in her son's life. Of the two sons in the play, Robert is the chief victim, the dupe of his mother's wiles, and so tied to her apron strings that at her suggestion he breaks off his engagement, doubtful whether any girl can ever be as wonderful as his mother has been. David has more innate independence. He has married abroad and brought his wife home for a brief visit, and the wife he has chosen is a girl of considerable stamina, a graduate in biology with a career ahead of her in the Rockefeller Institute. But even David wavers under his mother's prompt attack. There is a moment when he, too, is ready to think he has made a mistake and is saved only when his wife brings the struggle into the open and calls a spade a very black shovel. The final curtain descends on David's departure, with Robert still at his mother's knee.

It would be quite useless to deny that many will find this play exceedingly disagreeable. Just as there are people who consider it unpatriotic to protest against the Eighteenth Amendment, there are those who resent the least suggestion that the power of a mother's love may be abused. This kind of person will undoubtedly call The Silver Cord a slander on motherhood—forgetting that nothing in the world is quite so destructive as something good put to a bad use. Wrong-minded sympathy has coddled criminals—and that kind of sympathy deserves attack. And where mother love is turned from its primary purpose of creating self-reliant manhood, into a suffocating and emasculating thing, then it, too, deserves the revealing scorn of the dramatist. In fact, this theme, if properly handled, can only serve to exalt true motherhood to impregnable heights.

Where the critics of the Howard play will find some faint justification will be in various theatrical exaggerations which tend to remove it from universal application. Mrs. Phelps is so extreme in her type that many who should gather a wholesome personal lesson from the play will go away puffed up with a sense of rectitude. They will admit readily enough that they have known one or two mothers of that kind. They will probably say that Mrs. Phelps is really Mrs. So-and-so. But just as no one ever took Craig's Wife personally, these people will fail to see tendencies in themselves similar to Mrs. Phelps. She will become something utterly apart from themselves, a monstrosity—instead of the representative of a universal human failing, present in a great many people, even if only to a faint degree. And by taking the play in this limited sense, they will be able to say that it is a special and disagreeable subject, more fit for discussion in psychological laboratories than for presentation on the stage.

But we must remember that the theme is not a special one. Its application is as broad as life, not only from the point of view of the mother adopted in this play, but from the position of the son, who may refuse to go forth and meet life because he has never really outgrown the attitude of infancy which seeks protection from hardship in the ideal of a mother's love. The sexualized interpretation of this instinct popularized by Freud has, for many, confused the issue and given it repellant implications. But in the broader sense, there are very few adults who have not experienced at some time the urge to go back to a period when all decisions were made for them and when the world gave no buffets that could not be forgotten at a mother's knee. And when a grown man gives in too often and too completely to this instinct, he soon finds he has lost his power to meet the problems of a man. He has become, mentally, a child, though physically still an adult.

If this instinct were less strongly rooted in human nature, there would be fewer mothers able to exert that undue influence over their grown sons which gives the substance to Mr. Howard's play. Unfortunately the Howard play does not make this aspect quite clear. The whole blame is thrown upon the mother. She seems almost too conscious of what she is doing. She does not suffer enough when her daughter-in-law faces her with the truth of what she has been doing. Looking back, it seems probable that the last act is the one which weakens the play and saps its universal vitality. This act becomes almost a lecture on the previous acts. It seems to be something as much apart from the play itself as an author's postscript.

Mr. Howard has been very fortunate in the cast which the Theatre Guild has given his play and in the director, John Cromwell. The play moves swiftly, in spite of the lack of action. Margalo Gillmore as Robert's fiancée gives one of the most keenly moving performances of its kind I have ever seen. And Elizabeth Risdon as the daughter-in-law does the utmost with the rather hard and uncompromising lines assigned to her. She is best in one of the last moments of the second act, when she drops her rôle of scientist and becomes the frightened young woman, trying to recapture her husband's devotion. This is one of the best scenes Mr. Howard has ever written. Elliot Cabot is excellent as David, and Earle Larrimore brings out the full pathos of the weakling Robert. Of Laura Hope Crews as the mother, it must be said in fairness to Mr. Howard that she plays the part throughout in high comedy key. This may be a legitimate method of retaining a few shreds of sympathy, but it does an injustice to the situations Mr. Howard has created. To have the mother so utterly impervious to a realization of her own weakness gives the play a false shallowness. There is, however, a line at the close of the second act for which only Mr. Howard can take the blame. It is the most disconcerting exaggeration of the whole play.

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The Moscow Habima Theatre

FOR those who love not so much fine acting as a magnificent sense of theatre, the performances of the Habima Theatre of Moscow, now playing a brief season in New York, will bring real joy. This organization plays entirely in the ancient Hebrew language—not to be confused with Yiddish—and it was they who first gave the theatre world Ansky's The Dybbuk, the English version of which was presented to us by the Neighborhood Playhouse last year and revived this year as part of the regular Neighborhood repertory.

A word about the Habima itself is in order. It started nearly twenty years ago during the revolutionary uprisings in Russia in 1907, and was, at first, an amateur theatre. Since then it has gone through many vicissitudes, but has kept on its way with such devotion and earnestness that it now ranks as one of the leading professional organizations of the world. The pioneer of the movement was Naum L. Zemach, who is still the principal actor of the group. Among those who joined the troupe early was a school-teacher, Anna Rovina. There are now few actresses on any stage who can surpass her in tragic power.

From the earliest days, this theatre set itself the ideal of perfected ensemble. And it is this quality which gives their work its surpassing distinction. The only play of their present repertory which I have seen so far is The Eternal Jew, by David Pinski. It is not, as a play, a dramatic masterpiece. But in the stylized production which the Habima players have given this legend of the wandering Jew, one is soon swept away from all minor points of criticism to silent admiration for the atmosphere created, for the integrity of spirit it conveys and for the sense of being transported back 2,000 years to a living reality.

Nor is the ancient language a barrier. There is a magnificent sonority to old Hebrew. One readily understands the origin of the biblical psalms when listening to the cadences of this strange speech. And when the pantomime of the acting group is so perfect, when the stage lightings and groupings tell their own story so eloquently, the language, instead of being an obstacle seems to be the only appropriate vehicle for emotions so clearly conveyed. I can heartily recommend at least one visit to this theatre. It is not the last word in theatrical production. It has many obvious crudities. It lacks many of the elements we have come to demand as conventions of the complete theatre. But it has a fire, an enthusiasm, a sincerity, and, above all, a sense of the glamour of the theatre which one can seek in vain along the regular paths of Broadway.

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COMMUNICATIONS

LAWYERS AND CONSCIENCE

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Reverend Raymond Vernimont quotes The Commonweal as accusing the lawyer, who uses every effort to free his innocent or guilty client, of being a virtual accessory after the fact, since he must know that his fee is the fruit of crime. Both you and Father Vernimont have overlooked the fact that the individual charged with a crime is innocent until proved guilty, and that the state, composed of the three of us, is so jealous of this fundamental principle of justice, that it pays the fee of the defending attorney, if the client lack funds. Furthermore, the attorney for the defense, once he is retained, is bound to use all fair argument arising on the evidence. A discussion concerning the ethics of the matter would take up too much space here, but your correspondent may be interested in Sharswood's Professional Ethics and particularly in Courvoisier's Case, fully considered therein.

Your correpondent indicates that, "Catholic lawyers should protest, and expose those lawyers who have no conscience," to which I respond with doubts as to the moral superiority of Catholic lawyers.

Finally, Father Vernimont inquires if our country would not be more peaceful and better governed if lawyers were discarded, ending with the astonishing statement: "Judges are sufficient." The only place I happened to be in where judges were not graduated from the ranks of lawyers, was in Texas, during the eleven months while the Ku Klux Klan hysteria was at its height. It is not the opinion of thoughtful people, generally, that the country was either more peaceful or better governed.

Your correspondent evidently has a notion that the lawyer should rise above the moral level of the community. It should be obvious that a bounder always will be a bounder, whether he elects to be a Babbitt or an attorney, and that if we hang the former, there will be no need of hanging the latter. If Babbitt is to be hanged, however, I offer my services (theoretically, of course) to see that such hanging takes place only after due process of law. Whether my reward shall be a fee or what lawyers know as a "neck-tie party" does not matter.

D. T. POWELL.

Columbus, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—During the financial depression following the Revolutionary War, lawyers were overwhelmed with cases. While everyone was inactive, they were busy collecting fees and prosecuting cases against debtors in court. For this reason the indigent felt very bitter toward them. They were denounced as banditti, pickpockets, smooth-tongued rogues.

Resolutions were adopted in many legislatures throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut to abolish the profession or at least restrain their influence. St. Jean de Crevecoeur expressed regret that our forefathers did not "prevent the introduction of a set of men so dangerous." Benjamin Austin, who wrote influential essays under the pseudonym of "Honestus" attributed all the distress of the people to the conduct of lawyers.

A lone and extremely feeble reëcho of similar sentiment found expression in the communication columns of The Commonweal for December 15. It is to be regretted that the Reverend Raymond Vernimont had not lived 150 or 250 years ago.

NATHAN FRIEDMAN.

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THE JEWS IN ROUMANIA

Framingham, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The return of Queen Marie to her country, and the subsequent battle for control of the Roumanian government, recalls to the writer's mind an experience met while he was Assistant Commissioner of Immigration, at Ellis Island.

Little is known on this side of the Atlantic of that part of Europe on the edge of the Balkans which has a population of about 17,000,000, claimed by the natives to be the real descendants of the Romans.

Benjamin Disraeli, a Jew by birth, was Prime Minister of Great Britain in the 'seventies. He is remembered not only as a great man, but as the official who presented his queen with the Suez Canal, which gave her dominion over a large part of the world's territory and business. While practically disassociated with his racial group, he never lost his feeling for his blood, and in 1876, in the Treaty of Berlin, made provision for the protection of life, property, and religious rights of the minorities living under Roumanian rule, with the Jews naturally in mind.

Russia broke its promise in a few years, and in the 'nineties, an administration got into power in Roumania to do what fanatical haters of the Jews have been doing in every century, in every country, except on the American continent, in Ireland and the Papal States.

In Roumania, the terrors of Jewish pogroms were instituted. Jews were forbidden to live except in certain sections; denied the privilege of engaging in prohibited trades and occupations; confined to menial work; discriminated against openly in the courts; subjected to assault and murder. Many Roumanian Jews left the country and made their way to the United States.

As executive officer at Ellis Island, I was summoned one day to go to the main entrance hall, where I found gathered a party of approximately fifty persons who had arrived from an incoming ship that day. The leader of the group was a venerable Jew, and gathered around him were his children, his grandchildren, and even some of the fourth generation—babies in arms. The old man might have posed in a scene from the Bible, with Jewish beard uncut. It was just before the Day of Atonement and prayers were being intoned by the group, which were all one family, coming from Roumania to escape persecution. Where were they going? They answered that they "did not know, but this was a free country, and God was good." They had no money.

Persuasion not being able to make the leader of the group change his position, I sent for a well-known rabbi in New York to come over to Ellis Island. With him came also James Loeb, a younger son of Solomon Loeb, one of the most respected Jews in America. On their arrival, I left them alone with the old man. After a long interview, they came back, saying that they had the real story. The facts relating to their exodus, and the story of persecution, were true, but all their lives they had never seen a government official who could be trusted to be honest with them, and they had denied having any money. From a belt around the old man's waist, he took out English, French, and Russian money, representing more than $30,000 dollars, which was the sum of their total possessions. This money was turned over to Mr. Loeb and the rabbi, and they afterward had the group sent to one of the Dakotas. For many years after, as the Jewish New Year came around, I received some token from the old man.

At the time of the incident, after years of meeting the Jewish immigrants, I had a smattering of Yiddish. Alone with the old man, after the rabbi and Mr. Loeb had left, he told me the story of what they had gone through in Roumania. As he talked, the tears dropped down on his fine Jewish face, and finally I asked him what would happen to the Jews in Roumania, if the pogrom were permitted to continue. His answer was an old Jewish maxim to the effect that when the burden of injustice and wrong to his chosen people becomes unsupportable, God always sends Moses.

Queen Marie was charming in person and action to the people of the United States, but did not tell us very much about Roumania. It is reasonable to hope that the timely and carefully worded petition to her, published not long ago in The Commonweal, may have its influence.

EDWARD S. MCSWEENEY.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE

Fort-Augustus, Scotland.

TO the Editor:—May I offer a suggestion as to the solution of Mr. De Brul's problem? It seems to me that the only principle upon which the answer should be considered, should be followed both by correspondents offering suggestions and by Mr. De Brul himself in treating with employees, namely, to "do unto others as you would have others do unto you," if your positions were reversed, and to accept the good faith of the other party.

By doing this one would find that the most important relationship between employer and employee is a mutual respect and confidence, of the kind which assures each of them that the other would gladly sacrifice equally with him through a crisis, bearing his honest share of the trials to be endured. This spirit is usually lacking on the part of the employee, because the employer fails to inspire it through frankness. It is up to him to make the first advance.

In this particular case, it is probable that this confidence has not been an explicit one, that is to say, there has been no systematic way in which the financial difficulties of the one are made known to the other, and the solution thereof discussed between them and based upon statistical data. There can be no reasonable doubt as to the ability of the representative workingman to offer suggestions for the economic remedy of certain ills concerning the system with which he is even more familiar than his employer. His knowledge of special problems of his fellow-workmen would enable him to get the advice and cooperation of the employer in return, and they would in the end, probably, be able to discover, not so much who is carrying the heavier burden as to discover the ways and means of helping one another to carry his respectively honest share and to adjust the proper distribution of the load.

With impartial and sound executive administration, heroic coöperation can be gained, with greater progress and efficiency resulting because of the confidence thus established. This system has been proven successful where the employer has had nothing to conceal, and by its experimental installation he has nothing to lose, and everything to gain. What the public beyond his employees have to say about a living wage would not need to worry him.

Ways of actually working out this scheme would be determined by local conditions, and I should be interested and glad to coöperate further as to the actual working out of the plan.

E. R. H.

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BOOKS

Episodes in the History of England, by Arthur J. Ireland. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

History of England, by George Macauley Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.25.

A History of the United States Since the Civil War, by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. Volume III. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

Europe and the East, by Norman Dwight Harris. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

HISTORY, by and large, so habitually repeats herself that the consideration of almost any group of new works, though dissimilar in subject, outlook and style, may be strung along one of several definite threads which run through the pattern of each. In the case of the books listed above, the red thread of imperialism seems to stand out in the collective warp. Arthur J. Ireland's Episodes in the History of England (radio-broadcasted lectures collected under one cover) has the merit of being a neatly-written, careful book of historical popularization. It begins with the coming to Britain of Julius Caesar (founder of western imperialism) and ends with the death of Harold at Senlac, witness of the penalty of the vow forsworn. In its "episodes," as is natural, scenes of blood predominate; hence the story of the advent of Augustine in Saxon England, at the behest of one of the most glorious of the Supreme Pontiffs, Pope Gregory the Great, and the establishment of the Church in that pagan land under the palladium of his silver cross, comes as a grateful variant. Yet less than two hundred years after the noble Bishop of the Angels brought the gospel of peace to the isle, we find King Alfred founding the English fleet. He does so to provide a means of protection against the invading Danes, but nevertheless, it is destined to become the weapon of the most far-reaching imperialism known to modern times.

The complete story of that proud imperialistic development is told by a modern historian, George Macauley Trevelyan, in his new History of England, a volume which has the same charm of tense, vivid narration displayed in his father's story of our own war of independence. And if British imperialism is not stressed in his text, it is reflected by the thirty-seven excellent maps with which the volume is provided. England's "overseas expansion," which begins in the reign of King James I, runs parallel in his book with the story of the social and political evolution of the English people, and continues to its climax in the Victorian era. Yet, though a concluding chapter deals with the great war, the subsequent waning of the ideal of "imperial federation," and the refusal of the actually independent commonwealths which are nominally parts of the empire to commit themselves to schemes of imperialistic exploitation for the benefit of the mother country are not touched upon.

It is, incidentally, during those 1870's when Trevelyan shows the British government doing away with the purchase of commissions, and improving the army so that, later, it might wage war to advantage "against colored folk in Asia and Africa," that Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, in the third volume (1872-1878) of his History of the United States Since the Civil War, reveals our own land entirely absorbed by its internal problems, and far from the imperialistic Philippine expansion, Cuban control, and Haitian domination of our own day. Oberholtzer's book is one of solid, unpartisan merit, and many a thoughtful reader may find the author's well-balanced chapter on the state of art and letters in the United States during the period he considers, more interesting than the chapters devoted to the Indian wars and massacres in the West. The author's mention of Francis Parkman—then writing his brilliant account of the overthrow of the civilization of royal New France, a tragedy so often misrepresented as a triumph—brings us back to imperialism and imperialists.

Trevelyan, in his delightfully written survey of English history, very truly says that the historian "can only point, like a showman, to the things of the past." But the pointed finger has differing inflections. Those of us who have no more narrowly Anglo-Saxon point of view may question whether the tremendous material development which had its origin in England's conquest of the new-world empire can ever compensate for the loss of spiritual ideals and values destroyed when that older France was overcome in the struggle. For, broadly speaking, the modern France of Asian and African colonial exploitation has been obsessed with material, not ethical and spiritual gains.

And what Dead Sea fruit these more material fruits of imperialistic exploitation are increasingly proving to be, is revealed by Norman Dwight Harris's Europe and the East. The book is a lucid, authoritative account of European imperialistic intervention in the Near and Far East for a century past; and its complex subject could not have been more clearly and interestingly handled. The volume might be called, in its entirety, a documentation of the thesis of its first chapter: that European imperialism in the Orient is dying on its feet, "that the hour of the oriental has struck." The evidence which Professor Harris adduces is hard to gainsay. Everywhere, in the Orient, the higher, spiritual values have invariably been discounted; the materialistic ones have been exploited. The story of European impenetration in the East is a record of the noble devotion and sacrifice of the Church, in the person of its missionaries in eastern lands, hampered by the political, commercial and other greeds of the materialistic European exploiter. As it is, the oriental himself is beginning to make clear that the day of the white despoiler of his homelands and their natural resources is over; and the fact is one which may hold out a better chance of an eventual Christianization of the Orient than ever before. Had the Church, for the past few centuries, been enabled to check and control all those commercial and imperialistic greeds with whose robberies and spoliations the Orient so often unjustly associates it, had the authority of that great army of missionaries who so long labored in the dark regions of the East been supreme in worldly as well as in spiritual matters, the "hour" of the oriental might already have struck in a loftier and nobler sense, and the phrase, in partibus infidelium, might have lost half its meaning; for the thread of the spiritual is of the heavens, golden; not of the earth, scarlet.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

An Outline of Christianity: The Story of Our Civilization. Volumes III, IV, and V. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.00 per volume.

THESE volumes complete An Outline of Christianity. The historical chapters, which carry the story from the Reformation to the present day, deal chiefly with Protestantism, though brief surveys of Catholicism and the Orthodox churches are also given. Then follows a series of essays on the relations of Christianity and science, philosophy, art, biblical criticism, the individual, the family, the community, the nation, the nations, the races, the churches, civilization.

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Though here, as in the earlier volumes, the historical narrative is only incidental to the presentation of a broad interpretation of Christianity, it might have been written with more sense of proportion and accuracy. Why dismiss the numerous Monophysites and Nestorians with a casual reference, while the American Episcopalians receive fifteen pages? The John Street Negro Methodist Church of New York City looms almost as large as the French Revolution. And "the greatest event in the history of the Christian Church since the days of Luther" took place in Toronto on June 10, 1925. Old familiar bits of error are retained: adored relics, purchased pardon of sin, Anglican continuity, exclusively Latin pre-Reformation Bibles, and the like. But a note of novelty is struck in the "full religious liberty and equality" discovered in Holland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the conversion of the Irish to Catholicism by the Jesuits in the seventeenth, and the refusal of the Catholic Church to allow any tongue but Latin for church services.

One might multiply such instances but the success or failure of the book lies, not in details, but in the execution of its elaborate apologetic purpose. The completed work lets us judge this attempt to find essential Christianity, to show how well it harmonizes with modern thought and the direction of modern progress, to relate Christianity to all human activities, to rally to a common faith all who look to Christ as leader so that the vast potencies for good which Christianity contains may be the more fully released and made operative.

Now to defend Christianity as true, unique, and final, to set forth the implications of Christianity for all human activities, to face Christianity with history, anthropology, criticism, and science, all this is admirable if properly done.

The general treatment is in this wise: Christ, Whose person and nature are variously understood, is the source of Christianity, which is a genus. Many species of this genus have been evolved, all of them true to Christianity. The various groups called Christian are not different religions, but true types of one. (It is reassuring to a Catholic reader to find that a Moslem contributor to this work is inclined to see in them distinct religions.) The "manyness" of Christianity is probably to return soon to the "Oneness" of its origin, or to essential Christianity. What is the essence of Christianity? The answer to this depends, in practice, on the nature of modern thought with which it is to be shown harmonious. Just what makes up modern thought is not very clear. But it would seem to be the thought of thorough-going evolutionists in physical and social sciences and in comparative religion, of anti-intellectualists in philosophy.

There are always two dangers in attempting a synthesis of historical Christianity and what is called at any day modern thought. One may mistake a transient error for a permanent truth. And when this is done the only possible reconciliation of Christianity and this error will be made by doing violence to the former. Catholics have coped with this situation frequently from the days of the gnostics to this day of the modernists. The liberal Protestantism which produced this outline is making a familiar mistake. It accepts some very debatable assumptions of certain contemporary thinkers, especially in epistemology. And the Procrustean tactics needed to square Christianity with these are not disdained.

Does modern thought object to faith? Ah, but "faith ought to mean for us not an intellectual assent." Is the Trinity unwelcome? Then let us reduce it from a fact to a value. "The formula should not be interpreted in terms of an obsolete metaphysic. . . . It has diviner meanings for the home, the school, the market, the state." What of the Virgin Birth and the whole Apostles' Creed? "These are words of immense and enduring significance, whether interpreted in the letter or in the spirit." Whether we accept the fact or only the spirit of parthenogenesis (whatever that may be) we feel ourselves "in the central current of the historic Christian faith." Are truth and error mutually exclusive? We are past the day "not so long ago that men were accustomed to think of their own religion as true and of all other religions as false." Moreover, "the variant interpretations magnify." Is Christ's resurrection assailed by history and natural law? Let us cling to our personal experience of a risen Christ.

Would it not be better for well-meaning apologists to be as critical of modern thought as they are of the New Testament and less impatient for hasty answers? What victory would Christianity have gained by over-rationalizing its creed for Arius, by submitting authority to experience for the Montanists? What sort of Christianity will be had by divorcing it from reason and history for the modernist? A mood induced by "a chorus ending from Euripides," a slogan for a moral crusade, perhaps, with no proof of the right to crusade other than the value-judgments of individuals, and nothing more final than the variant and equally authoritative experience of Tom and Dick and Harry. Surely this assimilation of Christianity and modern thought, resulting in all modern thought, puts Christianity in the sad plight of the lady from Niger:

> "Who smiled as she rode on a tiger
> They returned from the ride
> With the lady inside,
> And the smile on the face of the tiger."

J. M. EGAN.

Vrouw Knickerbocker: The Romance of the Building of Brooklyn, by Maud Stewart Welch. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company. $2.50.

IN SPITE of the bad manners of good society and the much discussed vagaries of the younger generation, there are occasional rifts in the clouds of supposed general social demoralization. One of them is the growth of public interest in stories of the past. Any sort of printed record of bygone days and of the people who then were active finds a constantly increasing patronage. Societies for the presentation of such data attract a zealous and appreciative membership.

That there is a slow but steady participation of the Catholic element in this is gratifying. The Catholic contribution to the nation's progress has been important in all directions from the very day of the discovery, but it is rarely recognized in most of the current chronicles: of such neglect this "story of Brooklyn" offers a case in point. The first white man to set foot in Brooklyn was the Catholic Verrazano (April, 1524) or one of his company, and the first historian to put Brooklyn on the map—four years later—was the Catholic Ribeira. The chronicles of both are part of the treasures of the Vatican Library. In all the years since Brooklyn evolved out of the Dutch hamlet class, Catholics have been notable factors in the social, commercial, professional and intellectual progress, but the present author accords them very scant recognition.

Personalities follow, the ladies properly taking precedence. But in the "named on our honor roll" mention at least might

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have been made for instance, of Charlotte Melmothe, once actress of international fame, who later presided over Brooklyn's first private school for "nice children"; Adèle Bayer, the "sailor's friend"; and her sister Rosine Parmentier, philanthropist, Catholic women deserving of recognition.

In the list of prominent ecclesiastics no Catholic is included; conspicuously absent are the names of John McCloskey, a native Brooklynite and America's first cardinal; the Reverend Charles Constantine Pise, who was a national figure as a distinguished pulpit orator, poet, historian, editor, and classical scholar. Another ignored is Brooklyn's first bishop, John Loughlin, founder and organizer of one of the most important units in the ecclesiastical world. When the literary field is searched, Maurice Francis Egan, poet, essayist, and diplomat, most of whose career and its last days were spent in Brooklyn, should not be ignored; and the same might be said of James A. McMaster, editor and publicist. For a curious career, that of John McNamee, the Brooklyn politician who went to Florence and died there, a sculptor of repute, would be more interesting than the casual and erroneous reference to the "first political boss."

To the list of suggested "pilgrimages" one might well be added that took in a visit to the more than century-old Saint James's, Jay Street, the last of the village churches on its original site, surrounded by the last of the village graveyards where the rude forefathers of the hamlet still sleep undisturbed by the rush and bustle of the great modern city. The Celtic strain in the local development also seems to have evaded the compiler's observations.

Vrouw Knickerbocker is offered to the local constituency as "the romance of the building of Brooklyn" from a scattering colonial settlement into the present modern community of 2,500,000 residents. You will surely want to read, the publishers urge, "this interesting and accurate story of your own home town." Interest must be conceded to the compilation but only qualified accuracy. History now is an exact science, and if, on the score of its unconventional plan, a concession be made for the lack of the formal source details critical rules exact, there must be a sense of true local characteristic proportions and comprehensive social estimates that would satisfactorily round out the whole. "I was not born in Brooklyn. I achieved it," the author admits. Perhaps that may be some excuse for her sins of omission.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

The Hundred Best Latin Hymns, selected by J. S. Phillimore. London: Gowans and Gray. 2/6.

THE late Professor Phillimore, to whom we owe this excellent selection, was the kind of layman of whom the Church can never have too many. A convert from the Anglican establishment, he was not only a most fervent child of the Faith, but in the front rank of the classical scholars of the world.

Moreover, he was a man of singular personal charm, and of marked business and administrative capacity, as testified to by his position on the senate of the University of Glasgow, and on the bench of magistrates of that city. His edition of Propertius; his works on Sophocles; his translation of that interesting, though little known, individual Apollonius of Tyana; and his numerous articles and notes in classical journals made his reputation world-wide and caused him to receive the invitation of the University of California to occupy their Cather professorship of classics for the year 1914-15.

Phillimore was a kind of aberrant genius in his own family, for his father and one of his brothers were admirals in the British navy; another brother was, or is, a captain; and his only son a junior officer in the same service. But his bent was all for learning, and after a brilliant career at Oxford, he found himself, at the age of twenty-six, in the important chair at Glasgow which had just been vacated by Professor Gilbert Murray. He was also a distinguished writer of English verse. While lying on his death-bed, stricken with cancer, he wrote a very beautiful set of verses, filled with the spirit of benediction, which were published in the English Dominican monthly, Blackfriars, in November—the month in which he died.

The Hundred Best Latin Hymns must be looked upon as his last legacy to the Church, and it is one which deserves to be received with gratitude and cherished with affection. We have a few good hymns in the vernacular (from what they hear in our churches, perhaps visitors would hardly guess it!) and that there are more than most suspect can be learned by studying the Arundel Hymns, a work compiled by the late Marquis of Bute and Charles Gatty, and unfortunately almost unknown to Catholics.

When he became a Catholic, Phillimore had to give up many things. It was a chivalrous spirit which led him, on his conversion, to place the resignation of his chair in the hands of the authorities of the University of Glasgow, since it was as a non-Catholic that he had been appointed. There was no legal constraint upon him to take this action, but it showed the fine feeling of honor which was one of his leading characteristics. Not second to this, was the spirit of the authorities of that university which, Presbyterian as it is, has always shown itself eminently fair to all denominations, for they at once refused to consider even the possibility of dispensing with his services.

Among the things which converts to Catholicism from the Church of England have to give up, are hymns and chants of much greater musical beauty than those which are prevalent in too many of our Catholic churches in all English-speaking lands. I do not deny that there are many splendid exceptions, but I think the statement is not too sweeping. One thing that must be apparent to everyone, is that, while Catholics have in their Latin hymns one of the most remarkable extant collections of poetry, it is a collection which is singularly unknown to them, and consequently, of course, to non-Catholics since there has been no easily available collection for them to consult. Of course, the reason for this is the very simple one that they are in Latin, and that so few people, apart from the clergy, can read that beautiful language—"the Latin of the Catholic Church, vernacular to no man, mother-tongue of Christendom, warm with a vitality of appeal and association that can match any of the national poesies, which, by the way, owe so much to it." That is Phillimore's opinion of the Low Latin, "the most beautiful language known," as Montgomery Carmichael calls it. Phillimore was steeped in classical Latin of the golden age, and so could claim to be a real judge. One of the innumerable pests which came upon the world as the result of the Reformation, was the loss of Low Latin as a lingua franca. It lingered as such with scientific men for a number of years, but even there has died out; and the curse of Babel now exists.

What those lose who cannot use Latin, may be gathered by looking over this admirable little collection, and comparing the original with even the best translations. But when did a translation ever equal the original? Did any man who can

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understand Church Latin ever feel satisfied with any translation of Adoro Te Devote? But at any rate, here is a most careful selection made by a great scholar and a great Catholic —a real treasure for readers of Latin and an incentive for others to become so.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Whitman: An Interpretation in Narrative, by Emery Holloway. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

THERE are two ways in which biography can be written. You may retreat into a silent place, commune with the writings and records of the man in whom you have sensed an opportunity to write, and then proceed to compose your personal estimate of him. This method has the advantage of being detached and sincere; it may have the additional virtue of relative originality. But you may also get hold of a figure about whom there has been a great deal of talk. You may wander about cautiously and catch the drift of this talk. You may then sit down and diligently construct your biography with a view to clearing up matters that have come to the fore during this variegated conversation, while still preserving the decorum (if not the humility) of a man who realizes that his neighbors are not under any obligation to accept his dicta as final and overwhelming.

Mr. Holloway's interpretation of Whitman is undertaken in the second spirit. He sets forth the facts and, on the whole, makes them understandable and interesting. Conscious that many people will probably find—like their ancestors—no marked edification in the narrative, he explains and condones generously. Much too generously, in fact. This weakness, which ought probably to be termed a concession, is most marked in the section devoted to Whitman's expression of himself in verse. It is impossible to throw the mantle of normalcy over such a procedure. The poet's unbalanced concept of sex is really the key to a proper understanding of him. Those who do not care to deal with such a concept must inevitably consent to turn Leaves of Grass over to somebody else. The book as Emerson first saw it was, of course, relatively transcendental—that is, it incorporated the best of what official America then knew in the way of mysticism. With this topic Mr. Holloway deals with understanding and power. He knows the ground and realizes also that his neighbors will not fear to tread upon it. Even here, however, his fatal tendency to expand, to comment, to endorse, robs his book of some of the objectivity so desirable in biography.

Nevertheless, this new life has one outstanding virtue. If it does not always make Whitman clear, it at least refuses to advertise him as a puzzle—as a "somebody" so vast, intricate and psychically wealthy that no poor mortal ought to approach without a handful of incense and an admission of inferiority. If it talks too much, it at least talks sensibly. One might add that Mr. Holloway is notably at ease in presenting the Long Island background against which so much of his poet's life was spent. The little, raw towns of the era that antedated modern booms become very real as the "great figure" wanders through them. Nor can one fail to be grateful for the accumulation of detail concerning Whitman's final years. A few chapters set forth the mortuary process as fully as anyone could desire. And therefore, even if the exceptional student of Whitman may require another biography, more frank and more perspicacious, one is right in saying that Mr. Holloway's book is probably what the "public" wants, and likewise is about all that it ought to get.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

In Quest of the Perfect Book: Reminiscences and Reflections of a Bookman, by William Dana Orcutt. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $5.00.

THIS is a delightful and disappointing book. The author tells us that "the basis of every volume ought to be the thought expressed by the writer; the type, the illustrations, the decorations, the paper, the binding, simply combine to form the vehicle to convey that expression to the reader." What do we find as we examine the present volume? First, a cover design which is (so the colophon tells us) a modern adaptation of a Grolier design—a machine-made imitation, stamped on binder's cloth, of a design made for hand-tooling on the choicest leather; and within, a type excellent in design, but too large and with the margins poorly disposed, so that the pages lack the sense of two black type-masses symetrically placed in a field of white, which is the ideal of the book-maker, and the eye carries to the brain a sense of grey diffuseness instead of clarity. We find too, sundry tricks such as the irritating shift, without apparent reason, from quotation marks to italics and back again, for the indicating of quotations, which give the impression of a conscious effort at "artistic effect."

And the candid reader will find this lack of precision, and this effort for effect at the expense of structural unity, only too characteristic of the book's contents. It is not that the various chapters ramble from Illumination to Horace Fletcher —we have been warned that this is not a treatise on typography, but a collection of "reminiscences and reflections"; but rather that even in the pages devoted to a given topic one is left with the feeling that not all has been said that could have been said, even in the limited space—that we have not arrived when the subject is dropped. As random examples: it does not impress us with the author's competence to deal with the subject of illumination when we read that the renaissance was "in reality a revolt against the barrenness of mediaevalism"; nor do we feel that we have gained any useful new light on

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the personality of Theodore Roosevelt when we learn that on being asked to lay his coat aside in the author's office, he replied briskly: "Of course I will; . . . it is just as easy to catch hot as it is to catch cold."

If I have dwelt on the book's disappointments, it is because it is being described by enthusiastic book-sellers as "the most beautiful book of the year," which it is not, any more than it is a classic of typographiana. But once such exalted standards have been put aside, the book has many delightful qualities. It does give expression to something of the romance of the printer's trade, and will doubtless introduce into a new world many a reader who would never have thought of looking into a more profound history of printing.

In the course of its pages such a reader will get a good idea of the problems that confront a maker of books when he is aiming at perfection; he will get a fair general impression of the development of the art of illumination—though with undue emphasis, here as elsewhere, on the later work of the renaissance; he will glimpse the great names in the history of printing, from Gutenberg to Cobden-Sanderson; and he will listen to some interesting bits of office gossip about the great and the near-great who came to have their books designed and made. He cannot place too much reliance on all the facts laid before him—he would find English printers prepared to give William Pickering and the Chiswick Press more credit than William Morris for the improvement in the art of commercial book-making in England in the nineteenth century; but if he feels himself inspired to investigate further into this keystone art of all the other arts and sciences, on which they today depend for their dissemination, perhaps the author will feel that he has accomplished all that he intended.

And perhaps—who knows?—perhaps some day Mr. Orcutt, having lured the general reader into this field of study, will give him a more serious treatment of the principles of typography, such as one has a tantalizing feeling he could produce if only such were his ambition.

A word must be added about the illustrations, which have been well selected to illustrate the author's text, and are many of them unusual and nearly all of them attractive.

FOSTER STEARNS.

American Criticism, 1926, edited by William A. Drake. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. DRAKE explicitly disclaims, in his introduction, any intention of emulating, in the field of criticism, what Messrs. Braithwait and O'Brien are doing in the field of poetry and the short story. Here are no elaborate categories; no bestowals of the laurel; no adding of another star (or even another asterisk) to a writer's crown. "These," says he, "are emphatically not the best critical essays of the year." The book does, however, attempt—and upon the whole successfully—to represent the kind of critical writing now being produced. Some names are omitted—among them those of Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Henry Longan Stuart, and Lloyd Morris—and the choice of selections appears to be limited to too few magazines; but who can quarrel with Mr. Drake after his modest disclaimer?

What he has done is to have produced a highly readable volume. But not a volume of very penetrating criticism. Logan Pearsall Smith writes fourteen beautiful pages—a heroic Marathon race for him—upon Madame de Sévigné in the Country; Miss Repplier rambles pleasantly, saying nothing in particular about poetry in general; Sinclair Lewis gives us so much sparkle in his Self-Conscious America, that we feel, after finishing his article, as though we had just consumed a bottle of that bicarbonate-of-soda brand of champagne that they make in the Bronx. But these papers, and several others of the twenty-nine in the volume, though eminently entertaining, hardly justify Mr. Drake's pronouncement that "Feeble and sporadic as is our creative spirit in its manifestations, our critical spirit is prodigiously fecund. It is unquestionably more sensitive, more searching, more revealing, more democratic—in an abused word, more creative, than it has been at any time in the memory of our generation."

Few people would deny that there are grounds for this pious belief (though what is "democratic" criticism?); but does the present volume support his contention? If not, this is partly due to the fact that in several instances the critics represented have lacked the theme each can handle most successfully: Mrs. Colum, for example, writing on Stuart Sherman, and Stuart Sherman writing on John Masefield—though each does well—are under a handicap. Moreover, it is always more fun to see Mr. Mencken turned loose on a Methodist than on a professor. And Edmund Wilson attempts too much in covering the whole of Contemporary American Literature in one wild ride. It is exciting enough to see him, like a savage Tartar warrior, rein in his nimble horse, rise in his short stirrups, swing round and shoot an arrow before galloping off again. But too many of his arrows—especially those aimed at the poets—just fail to transfix his intended victims.

But, not to seem too captious, let me say once again that this is a readable book and one that is well worth reading.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

American Literature, edited by Robert Shafer. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.50.

MR. SHAFER'S collection of American texts is designed for use in the college classroom and follows the method which earned for his volume of selections from English literature a merited success. By admitting only the major writers into his purview and giving each one an ample space, he hopes to concentrate the student's attention and to give him a man-sized dose of literary material. Naturally enough, everything depends upon whether one agrees with Mr. Shafer's judgment. The reader may test his reaction to the following facts: there are seventy-six pages of Emerson (out of a total of 593) and slightly more of Whitman; Thomas Paine gets twice as much space as Thomas Jefferson; the historians and statesmen are treated generously; Cooper and Joel Chandler Harris fall by the wayside; the only Catholic writer represented is Father Tabb; drama is illustrated solely by Clyde Fitch and Eugene O'Neill—to the present reviewer's mind a somewhat summary action; and the modern poets are the Lindsay, Masters, Robinson, Amy Lowell group exclusively. Some teachers might reasonably doubt the suitableness of Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson for the classroom, at the risk of being termed squeamish. Others again might marvel a little at the comparative uniformity of the critical selections. But it is as plain as the nose on one's face that Mr. Shafer has accepted as his gospel and guide the Cambridge History of American Literature. Its virtues and faults thereby become his. Queerly enough, the one portion of the volume which is unmistakably the author's own—that is, the critical and biographical introductions to the several series of selections—is almost bizarrely amateurish, being neither distinguished for sentence construction nor made palatable by charm.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

Miss Brynmarian looked up from a letter she was reading, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter, child?" inquired Dr. Angelicus kindly.

"It's this terrible letter," explained Miss Brynmarian sadly.

"Come, come, don't let a mere letter upset you. He'll probably feel very differently the next time he writes, when the terrible season of plum pudding will be more remote—and besides, if he doesn't [the Doctor broke into a hoarse carol] 'there are lots more good fish in the sea,'" he chanted.

"But it isn't from a he," protested Miss Brynmarian indignantly. "It's from a she. How can you imagine my getting so upset over a letter from a mere man?" she sniffed.

"I beg your pardon," apologized Angelicus.

"And I," interrupted Britannicus, "am a little disappointed in you. The letters of women are always inconsequential, and seldom worth the paper they are written on."

"But she has hurt my feelings," said Miss Brynmarian, looking very much aggrieved.

"How?" inquired Dr. Angelicus.

"Well," sighed Miss Brynmarian, "she tells me she objects to my name, and wishes I would change it."

"That shouldn't be so difficult," said Britannicus. "Now I'm sure there are plenty of nice men—"

"The adjective belies the noun," interrupted Miss Brynmarian acidly. "There are, as the writer of this letter points out, many ways of changing one's name besides matrimony—which should only be used as a last resort."

"But why," asked Dr. Angelicus, "does she object to your name?"

"She says," sobbed Miss Brynmarian, "that she is an old and honored alumna of Bryn Mawr College, that she has followed my career carefully in the annals of this library, that she has found me frivolous and giddy, and that she strenuously objects to my posing as the epitome of the Bryn Mawr graduate—which, of course, is the last thing on earth my vanity would ever permit me to do! Not that the epitome of the Bryn Mawr alumna is any worse than that of any other woman's college!"

"Right," acknowledged Britannicus.

"And now," continued Miss Brynmarian, "she has, through her letter, really given me an actual distaste for the name that formerly I rather fancied. I feel the way I did when they told me that there was no Santa Claus."

Her eyes clouded again.

"There, there," exclaimed Angelicus, "'what's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.'"

"Is that why you gave me a bottle of perfume for Christmas?" asked Miss Brynmarian suspiciously. "Perhaps even you were throwing out a hint that a change of name was desirable."

"I have never, yet," began Angelicus, "proposed to any woman—"

"'What, never?'" interrupted Britannicus.

"'Well, hardly ever,'" hummed Dr. Angelicus. "However," he continued, eyeing the sorrowing Miss Brynmarian, "this is the season of joy, and I suggest that we turn sadness into gladness by giving Miss Brynmarian a new name and a christening party at the same time."

Whereupon Miss Brynmarian immediately brightened.

"That's a nice idea," she said. "But when is the party?"

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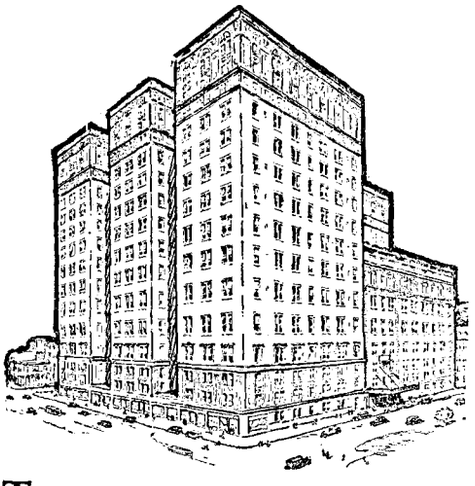

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"You mean my first name?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"Exactly."

"I'll never tell," declared Miss Brynmarian.

"Now, now, you must," urged the Doctor. "Remember, no name, no christening; and no christening, no party."

"Oh, must I?" begged Miss Brynmarian. "I had hoped that it was a secret that I would be allowed to carry with me to the grave."

"It can't be as terrible as all that," persuaded Britannicus. "It isn't Abigail, is it?"

"Worse," admitted Miss Brynmarian.

"Confess," ordered Angelicus.

"It's Euphemia," murmured Miss Brynmarian, dropping her head in shame.

"An exceedingly sound name," declared Angelicus, "and suggestive of all the dignity and decorum that the writer of your letter would have you stand for. Henceforth, you shall be known in this library as Euphemia."

"Is there no other way?" implored Miss Brynmarian.

"None," asserted Angelicus.

"But it sounds so formidable and puritanical," protested Miss Brynmarian. "I would prefer a—er—well, a pet name."

"Well," said Angelicus, softening a little, "we shall sometimes call you Euphy for short."

"That's better," sighed Miss Brynmarian. "Are we all ready to start for the party?"

"The ceremony," reminded Angelicus, taking up the large editorial paste jar.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Miss Brynmarian suspiciously.

"It is only meet and correct that you, through your affinity with editorial make-up, should be christened with paste. Moreover, it will make the name stick."

"I've just had a shampoo," protested Miss Brynmarian.

"Don't forget the party to follow," encouraged Angelicus, as he flourished the paste.

"Very well," murmured Miss Brynmarian, as she meekly bowed her head over the desk with all the air of a martyr.

The Doctor advanced menacingly.

"Use as little as possible!" cried Miss Brynmarian.

Solemnly Angelicus stood over her and held up the brush. Then, as his hand descended:

"Henceforth, thou art Euphemia," he pronounced.

"At this moment, I wish I were a battleship," groaned Miss Brynmarian.

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